
Douluo Dalu

V01 - Douluo Continent

Tang Jia San Shao

000 – Prologue – Tang Third Young Master Crossing Over

Ba-Shu^[1], through history famed as a land of plenty, and within it, the most famous sect that could never be surpassed: Tang Sect.

Tang Sect's location was a mysterious place. Most people only knew that it was halfway up a mountain, and that the mountain where Tang Sect was located had a place with a terrifying name, ——Hell's Peak^[2].

A rock thrown from on top of the precipice at Hell's Peak would take a full count of nineteen before the echo of it hitting the bottom could be heard, thus its height could be seen, and it was also because of these nineteen seconds, even surpassing the eighteen levels of hell by one, that gave it its name.

A gray clothed youth stood at the summit of Hell's Peak, the biting cold mountain wind not able to cause his body to shiver even slightly. On the pit of his stomach a huge Tang^[3] character could be seen; he was from Tang Sect, and the gray clothes represented a disciple of the Tang Outer Sect.

This year he was twenty nine, since he had entered Tang Sect not long after being born, he was the third most senior among outer sect disciples, and as a result the outer sect disciples named him Third Young Master^[4]. Of course, in the mouths of the inner sect disciples it became Tang San^[5].

Tang Sect was, since it's foundation, divided into the two inner and outer sects. The outer sect disciples were all from external families or perhaps conferred the Tang name, and the inner sect were all directly related to Tang Sect members, passed down through family.

Right now, Tang San wore an abundance of expressions, sometimes laughing, sometimes crying, but in all cases unable to mask the excitement stemming from his heart.

For twenty nine years, starting twenty nine years ago when grandpa elder Tang Lan^[6] had brought him to Tang Sect as an infant, Tang Sect had been his family, and Tang Sect's hidden weapons had been everything to him.

Suddenly, Tang San's expression abruptly changed, but then very quickly relaxed again, somewhat bitterly saying to himself:

"In the end, that which should happen will still happen."

Seventeen silhouettes, seventeen white silhouettes, leapt up from halfway up the mountain towards the mountaintop just like shooting stars, these silhouettes were masters, even the youngest was five decades old, each and every one with serious expressions, their white gowns represented the inner sect, and the golden Tang characters on their chests were the symbols of Tang Sect elders.

Including the sect head mister Tang Da^[7] there were altogether seventeen elders, and right now there were seventeen climbing the mountain. Even a general assembly of the martial society wouldn't have been able to rouse all the Tang Sect Elders at the same time, one must know that among the Tang Sect elders, the oldest had already surpassed sixty years twice over^[8].

All of these Tang Sect elders had already reached the pinnacle of cultivation, and in only a moment's work they had already reached the mountain top.

When outer sect disciples met inner sect elders they had to kneel in greeting, but right now Tang San didn't move, he only calmly looked at these serious faced elders arriving in front of him. They blocked all routes of escape, and behind him was only Hell's Peak.

Laying down three Buddha Fury Tang Lotuses^[9], Tang San threw them a last reluctant glance, the corners of his mouth showing a gratified smile. After all, he had succeeded. With twenty years of effort, he had at last accomplished this penultimate work of the Tang Outer Sect; that kind of satisfactory accomplishment couldn't be described in words.

At this very moment, Tang San thought to himself, everything was

already unimportant. Violating the sect regulations was also fine, matters of life and death were fine. Apparently, everything would come to an end with these three blooming Tang Lotuses before him. Buddha Fury Tang Lotus, this world's most potent hidden weapon was born in his hands. In his entire life, what could make the hidden weapons enthusiast Tang San more excited than this?

"I know, the crime of sneaking into the inner sect and stealing secret sect lore cannot be forgiven, cannot be tolerated according to sect rules. But Tang San can vow to Heaven, not a bit of the stolen knowledge of the secret books will reach the outside world. I say this, not in the hopes of obtaining the elders' mercy, but only to let the elders know that Tang San has never forgotten his roots. Never has in the past, and also henceforth never will."

Tang San's mood was very calm at this moment; perhaps, this was the calmest moment in his life. Looking at that expansive ancient Tang Sect compound halfway up the mountain, feeling the atmosphere of the Tang Sect, Tang San's eyes moistened. For as long as he could remember, it could even be said he was born for the sake of the Tang Sect, but right now, he also had to leave the Tang Sect for the sake of his lifelong pursuit.

The elders were all speechless. Right now they still couldn't clear their heads from the appearance of the Buddha Fury Tang Lotus. Two hundred years, after a full two hundred years the Buddha Fury Tang Lotus had unexpectedly appeared in the hands of an outer sect disciple, what did this signify? In this land, this exceptional hidden weapon that not even Tang Sect's own people could resist absolutely represented the approach of another peak of the Tang Sect.

Looking at the elders bowing their heads without speaking, Tang San smiled brightly,

"Everything of Tang San's was given by Tang Sect, whether it's life or abilities, all were bestowed by Tang Sect. No matter when, Tang San in life is a person of the Tang Sect, in death a ghost of the Tang Sect. I know that the elders will not permit the corpse of an outer sect disciple that violated the sect rules to remain at Tang Sect; therefore, let me turn to bone naturally in this Ba-Shu."

Tang San was so serene that even his somewhat excited voice finally roused the elders, when the elders raised their heads to look at him, they saw milky white streams of qi spread out from him in a flash.

“Mysterious Heaven Treasure Record, you even learned the sect’s highest inner strength technique in the Mysterious Heaven Treasure Record?”

Tang Da cried out involuntarily.

With an explosion, as the group of elders retreated to avoid anything unexpected, they looked at Tang San who was entirely naked.

Tang San smiled brilliantly,

“I arrived in the nude, and I shall depart in the nude. Buddha Fury Tang Lotus is Tang San’s last gift for the sect. Besides myself, I carry nothing of the Tang Sect, the secret books are all under the first brick in my room. Tang San will now return everything to Tang Sect.”

“Hahahahahahaha.....”

Tang San laughed wildly up towards the sky, suddenly taking a step backward. At this very moment, the Tang Sect elders suddenly discovered, unexpectedly nobody still had time to block him. His body, enveloped in white light, threw itself forward off Hell’s Peak, soaring out into empty air, stepping into the clouds and mist around the mountain.

“Stop!”

Tang Da finally reacted, but right now it was already too late to say anything.

The clouds and mist were very dense, bringing waves of humidity, taking away the sunshine, and also taking away that Tang San whose entire life was dedicated to Tang Sect and hidden weapons.

Time seemed to stand still. Tang Da’s hands trembled as he held up those three Tang Lotuses, his eyes moist,

“Tang San, ah, Tang San, why did you suffer? The astonishment you

brought us was really too much, too much.....”

“Eldest brother.”

A second elder stepped forward,

“Why should you mourn a renegade like this?”

Tang Da’s gaze became cold in a flash, cold air covering his body, glaring at the second elder,

“Who do you say is a renegade? Have you ever seen a renegade who could obtain the sect’s rarest books and afterwards didn’t flee? Have you seen a renegade who would die for his ideals? Have you seen someone harboring a hidden weapon powerful enough to destroy any Tang Sect expert instead present it to the sect as his last act? Tang San was no renegade, he was our most outstanding genius in two hundred years.”

The second elder stared stupidly,

“But, he stole lore from the sect.....”

Tang Da suddenly interrupted,

“If you were also able to produce the Buddha Fury Tang Lotus, I wouldn’t care no matter what you stole. You were wrong, I was wrong, in this past moment, we actually looked on helplessly as the chance for Tang Sect’s glory to rise again slipped away before our eyes.”

The elders gathered round, their expressions all complex, some perplexed, some sad, some sighing, still more were regretful.

“No need to say anything. Pass on my orders, dispatch all the disciples, search for Tang San below Hell’s Peak. If alive, I will see the person. If dead, I will see the corpse. At the same time, from this moment on, Tang San is promoted to inner sect disciple. If he still lives, he will be the only successor to my position as head.”

“Yes, head.”

The elders bowed simultaneously.

If Tang San was still here on the cliff top right now, still able to hear Tang Da's words, even if he died, he would certainly still be very gratified; his great effort in the end hadn't been a waste. But, all this came too late.

Hell's Peak, where a thrown rock would take nineteen seconds to hit the bottom, an existence seemingly surpassing the eighteen levels of hell, how could it permit a living person to return from the clouds and mist? Tang San was dead, forever departing this world, but his other destiny had only just begun.

Notes

1. (巴蜀) Or Sichuan.
2. (鬼见愁) Literally "Ghost Appearance Worry" or figuratively "where ghosts fear to tread"
3. (唐) "Exaggerate"
4. (San Shao 三少)
5. (唐三) "Tang Three"
6. (唐蓝) "Tang Blue"
7. (唐大) "Tang Big"
8. (甲子) could either refer to the "Stems and Branches" sexagenary cycle, or it could refer to the first year of the same.
9. (朵佛怒唐莲) The classifier is (朵), which is used for flowers, so expect them actually look like lotuses.

001 – Douluo Continent, Otherworldly Tang San

Part 1

Douluo Continent^[1], southwestern Heaven Dou Empire^[2], Fasinuo province^[3].

Holy Spirit village^[4]. If one only heard its name, might sound like a rather astonishing village. In fact, this was merely a single village of three hundred households south of Fasinuo province's Nuoding city. The reason why it was called Holy Spirit was because in legend, a hundred years ago a Spirit Sage ranked Spirit Master^[5] came from there^[6]. This was also the eternal pride of Holy Spirit village.

Outside Holy Spirit village was, without exception, a vast expanse of farmland where grain and vegetables were produced and sent to supply Nuoding city. Nuoding city was located in the middle of Fasinuo province, and while it wasn't considered a major city, the border of another empire was, after all, very close, and naturally, merchants of both great empires traded there. Consequently, Nuoding city flourished and the lives of the commoners in the villages around the city were better than elsewhere.

Barely at daybreak, in the distant east, the sky was a pale grey dawn color. On a small hundred meter tall hilltop adjacent to Holy Spirit village was a thin and small silhouette.

This was only a five or six-year old child. Evidently, every day he endured the heat of the sun. His skin was a healthy wheat colour, his black short hair appeared very neat, and his clothes, though simple, were clean.

Speaking of a child at this age, to climb this hundred meter tall hill couldn't be an easy task, but strangely, when he arrived at the summit his face wasn't the least bit red, nor was he panting. His

expression appeared content and pleased.

The boy sat down on the hilltop, his two eyes unwaveringly looking to the east where the dawn sky was gradually brightening. Slowly starting to inhale through his nose, gently exhaling through his mouth; continuous inhalations and faint exhalations that, in the end, became a splendid cycle.

During this process, his eyes suddenly opened wide. A faint trace of purple qi seemed to flash in the light of the growing bright grey dawn in the distant horizon. Without astonishing vision and concentration, it would be impossible to notice it.

At the sight of the purple qi, the boy's spirit was so completely focused he no longer even exhaled, only a light and slow inhalation. At the same time the two eyes firmly stared in concentration at the flickering purple light.

The purple qi didn't last long; by the time the eastern light gradually rose to become daylight, the purple qi had completely vanished already.

Only then did the boy, with a long exhalation of internal turbid qi, slowly close his eyes. White qi poured out through his mouth like a bolt of unrolling silk before it slowly dispersed.

After sitting quietly for a long time, the boy once more opened his eyes. In the center of his eyes there was surprisingly, perhaps because of that impure purple qi, a glimmer of light purple. Although this purple didn't remain long before quietly disappearing, that very existence was nevertheless distinct.

With a dejected sigh, the boy showed a grudging expression unsuitable for his age. He shook his head and said to himself,

"Still impossible. My Mysterious Heaven^[7] skill is still unable to break through the first serious bottleneck. It's already been a full three months, so why this result? Even Purple Demon Eye, which relied on purple qi from the east that could only be cultivated in early morning, has shown better progress. With Mysterious Heaven skill unable to break through the bottleneck, my Mysterious Jade Hand^[8] is also

unable to advance. When originally cultivating to the border between the first and second tier, I didn't seem to come across circumstances like this. How come, when Mysterious Heaven skill altogether has nine tiers, it's this first tier that is this troublesome? Is it because this world is different from my original world?"

This child, who had arrived in this world five years ago, was exactly that Tang Sect's Tang San who leapt from a cliff for his ideals. When he regained consciousness, he discovered that, in addition to a warm sensation, he was unable to move. But the expected death did not arrive, and he was very quickly born into this world.

Tang San wasn't clear on what was going on until much later. He hadn't died, but he was also no longer the former Tang San.

The reborn Tang San needed nearly a year to learn this world's language. He still remembered that, at the time he was born, though he was still unable to open his eyes and see, he heard the deep sound of a man's heart-rending lung-splitting wail. When he learned this world's language, by relying on his outstanding memory, he also couldn't help recalling that man had shouted, "Third sister, don't abandon me," and that man was his father, Tang Hao^[9]. His mother in this world at that time was already dead from a difficult childbirth.

Whether because of the gods' dark will or simple coincidence, Tang Hao miraculously named him Tang San^[10] as a memento of his dead wife.

Because of this, the village children around his age gathered every day to ridicule him. Nevertheless, in his heart, Tang San was fully content. This, after all, was the name he had used for nearly 30 years in the other world. He was content with simply having a name to remind him of his past life.

Since arriving in this world, Tang San had initially felt shocked and afraid. But, with the subsequent excitement as well as the present tranquility, he had already completely accepted the reality that seemed, to him, like the second chance from Heaven. Here, he might be able to realise the biggest wish he had in his previous existence.

Though he came into this world naked, Tang San still possessed the greatest wealth: his memory. As Outer Tang sect's most outstanding genius, the methods of manufacturing Tang Sect's various mechanisms, including hidden weapons, were all engraved in his mind. In addition, he had made off with Inner Tang Sect's rare manuscript that he had yearned to try for many years. While learning it, he had committed to memory and learned by heart Inner Sect's Mysterious Heaven Treasure Record, and with it, Tang San hoped to reproduce Tang Sect's brilliance in this world.

"Time to be going back."

Tang San glanced at the color of the sky, his thin and small body leapt up and he ran down the mountain. If anyone had caught sight of him at this moment, they definitely would be staring wide-eyed in astonishment. Each of his steps was shockingly capable of bringing him nearly 3 ⅓ meters. The mountain's crevices and uneven ground could not be said to have any effect on him as he effortlessly dodged and rapidly advanced between openings. Even compared to adults he would still be much faster.

What was the essence of Tang Sect? Hidden weapons, poison and lightness skill. The greatest difference between Inner and Outer Tang Sect was the usage methods of hidden weapons. Outer sect gave priority to mechanisms, and for inner sect the standard was genuine technique. Poison use was likewise an Outer sect talent, while in the inner sect, hidden weapons were handed down in a direct line from master to disciple and very few employed poison, since they were basically not needed.

Part 2

Mysterious Heaven Treasure Record only described six types of martial skills, separated into the inner strength internal technique Mysterious Heaven Skill, hand skill practice technique Mysterious Jade Hand, vision cultivation technique Purple Demon Eye, capturing technique Controlling Crane Capturing Dragon^[11], light body technique Ghost Shadow Perplexing Track^[12], as well as hidden weapon use technique, Hidden Weapon Hundred Separation^[13].

The first five were basics; after all, without a robust foundation, how could one bring out the quintessence of Tang Sect's hidden weapons?

Having started training Mysterious Heaven Skill at one year old, Tang San, who at present was already almost six years old, was still laying the foundation.

Tang San's family lived on the west side of Holy Spirit village, by the village chief's place. The three room mud brick house could be said to be the crudest in the entire village. It had a wooden plaque one meter in diameter over the door, painted with a simple hammer. The hammer in this world was the most widespread symbol of a blacksmith.

That's right. Tang San's father Tang Hao was a blacksmith, the only blacksmith in the village.

In this world, blacksmith could be said to be the humblest of professions. This is because none of this world's best weapons were, for a certain reason, forged by blacksmiths.

Even so, as this village's only accomplished blacksmith, Tang San's family shouldn't have been this impoverished with such a meagre little income.....

Entering the house, Tang San already smelled fragrant rice. That wasn't Tang Hao making him breakfast; rather he cooked for Tang Hao.

Starting from four years old, before Tang San was tall enough to reach the kitchen counter, cooking was already his daily task; even if he had to stand on a stool in order to be able to reach the top of the kitchen counter.

It wasn't because Tang Hao demanded it, but rather because if he didn't do it, Tang San would practically never be able to eat his fill.

Arriving before the kitchen counter, he stood on the wooden stool with practiced ease, lifting the lid of the large iron cooking pot, the scent of fragrant rice wafting out. The cauldron's congee had cooked thoroughly for a long time.

Every day, before going up the hill, Tang San always made sure to put rice in the pot to cook and prepare the firewood so that when he returned, the congee would be cooked well.

Picking up two already worn out bowls with more than ten notches from the counter to the side, Tang San very cautiously ladled congee into the two bowls and placed them on the table behind him. The congee's rice grains could practically be counted by eye, and for Tang San's growing body, this little nutrition was obviously insufficient; this was also the reason why his body was as slim as a thread.

“Dad, food.”

Tang San called out.

After a long time, the inner room door drape lifted, and a large figure appeared with somewhat staggering steps and walked out.

It was a middle aged man, his appearance seemed close to fifty years old. His stature was still extraordinarily large and stalwart, though one dared not compliment his style of dress.

His worn robe covered with holes, without so much as a patch, exposed bronze colored skin. His previously good facial features now appeared waxen in color. He had a pair of sleepy eyes and a dazed manner; messy hair that looked just like a bird's nest, a beard that had gone who knew how long without being straightened out. A dim and lifeless look was visible in his eyes. Even though the night had already passed, he still reeked of alcohol, yet Tang San didn't frown.

This was Tang Hao, Tang San's father in this world.

While growing up, Tang San never knew what paternal love was. The way Tang Hao treated him was always the same regardless, being firm right from the beginning. Although he knew to make a little food for him to eat, but nevertheless, as time passed, right after Tang San started taking the initiative to cook, Tang Hao became even more uncaring of anything. In this way their home was so impoverished that they didn't even have decent furniture. Food also was a

problem, mainly due to Tang Hao using all that meagre blacksmith income to trade for alcohol.

While Tang San was a large child, his father was really also about 30 years old, married so early even before thirty years old, but Tang Hao nevertheless must be compared to someone much older, he rather resembled Tang San's grandfather.

With regard to Tang Hao's behaviour, Tang San carried no resentment. In his former lifetime, he was an orphan. In this lifetime, even though Tang Hao treated him badly, he at least had family. For Tang San, this already made him feel content. At least here there was a person he could call father.

Tang Hao grabbed the bowl from the table, not worried about scalding, and with big gulps poured the congee down into his belly. His dull sallow face appeared to gain a bit of luster.

"Dad, slow down, it's still hot."

Tang San took the bowl from his father's hand and refilled it with congee. He also picked up his own bowl.

In Tang Sect, he was never able to leave and very rarely came into contact with outside matters. It goes without saying that just like a blank slate, ending up in this world he became like a little child again, and also had nothing which he could not accept.

Very quickly, a pot of porridge with seven or eight bowls all entered Tang Hao's stomach. Letting out a breath, he placed the bowl on the table. The drooping eyelids opened somewhat, looking at Tang San.

"You continue with the work you have, I will work in the afternoon. I'll go sleep a little while."

Tang Hao's work and rest habit had a very regular pattern: sleeping all morning, making a few farm tools in the afternoon, obtaining income, and drinking in the evening.

"Ok, dad."

Tang San nodded.

Tang Hao stood up. Having had several bowls of congee, he was no longer swaying, and walked towards the inner room.

“Dad.”

Tang San suddenly called out.

Tang Hao stopped, turning his head to look at him, his brows clearly indicating a little impatience.

Tang San pointed at a corner with shining black chunks of pig iron:

“These chunks of iron, can you give them to me to use?”

In his previous incarnation he was Tang Sect's most outstanding outer sect disciple, he was most familiar with the creation of every kind of hidden weapon. Naturally, back then all kinds of material were supplied by Tang Sect. But in this new world, although he practiced several years, his strength still wasn't enough by far. Moreover, he had never wanted to give up on manufacturing the most advanced hidden weapons. By now he had already tried to forge a few hidden weapons, but finding enough materials was the big issue.

Tang Hao forged farm tools out of metal received from the villagers. It was all impure, very common iron. It all was very difficult to use for high quality hidden weapons. The pieces of pig iron Tang San currently pointed at, delivered only yesterday, had made Tang San astonished; these chunks of iron ore actually definitely contained iron source, which was perfectly suitable for making hidden weapons.

Tang Hao's gaze shifted to the pig iron,

“Huh. Isn't this fine iron?”

Walking over to take a look, he turned his head to look at Tang San,

“You want to become a blacksmith?”

Part 3

Tang San nodded slightly. Becoming blacksmith was undoubtedly the

most suitable profession for him to make hidden weapons,

“Dad, you’re growing older. For a few years, until I grow up a little, please teach me how to forge kitchen implements and let me take over your work.”

Previously he all he made were the most precise hidden weapons, and on the contrary he had never learned the simplest forging.

Tang Hao slightly absentminded, murmured:

“Blacksmith doesn’t seem bad, either.”

Pulling across a single worn-out chair, sitting down directly by that pile of pig iron, he sluggishly spoke:

“Little San, tell me, what kind of blacksmith, is the best blacksmith.”

Tang San thought about it, then said:

“The best blacksmith should be capable of divine tools.”

By what the villagers said, divine tools existed in this world, even though he did not know precisely what divine tools were. But being called ‘divine’, presumably they should be pretty good.

In Tang Hao's eyes flashed a glint of humour,

“Divine tools? Little San also knows about divine tools. Then tell me, what should be used to create divine tools?”

Tang San thought this was unexpected, and immediately said:

“The best materials, of course.”

Tang Hao extended his index finger, wagging it at Tang San's face,

“If you want to become a master blacksmith, remember my words: someone using top class materials to make divine tools, that’s not the best blacksmith; at most it is only a synthesizer. The best blacksmith will create divine tools using common materials.”

“Using common iron to forge divine tools?”

Tang San, somewhat startled, looked at Tang Hao. Ordinarily, Tang

Hao very rarely spoke to him; this day already counted as the most at any one time.

Standing up, Tang Hao pointed to a fifty square centimeter big block of iron on the other side of the room,

“If you’re thinking about becoming a blacksmith and learning forging from me, then you must first hammer this ten thousand times. Not until then will you be qualified.”

That was a block of ordinary iron, containing numerous impurities. Compared to the lump of iron source, he couldn’t even tell how much worse it was.

“Right now, you can still change your mind.”

Tang Hao spoke indifferently, already preparing to go back to the inner room to sleep.

“Dad, I want to give it a try.”

Tang San’s voice was clear and calm, yet resolute.

Tang Hao, somewhat taken aback, looked at him,

“Alright.”

With a single word, he walked past, taking up that large lump of iron in his arms, and directly placed it by the bellows on the forge. As long as the coal fire was ignited, it could be used for forging.

After finishing this, Tang Hao returned to the inner room to sleep.

Tang San was a person with staunch resolution. Otherwise, he couldn’t have relied on a single dilapidated drawing to produce Buddha Fury Tang Lotus, the top Tang Sect mechanical hidden weapon. That consumed as much as ten years of his life.

Lighting the charcoal fire, pumping the bellows, he began to work by himself.

Shushu shushu. Sounds rose from the bellows, flame emitted within the coal furnace, scorching that big lump of iron. Though Tang San didn’t know any forging, he had watched Tang Hao forge farm tools

every day, and he knew the correct process.

Just as the iron lump had gradually become red hot, he dragged across Tang Hao's usual hammer, letting it fall to the ground. This long handled iron hammer was even taller than him, and an ordinary five or six year old child couldn't have moved it at all, let alone wielding it for forging.

But Tang San was still holding it up. With Mysterious Heaven Skill strengthening the whole body, even though it had not yet broken through the first tier, he already possessed physical strength comparable to an adult.

When the iron hammer collided with the iron lump again and again, it rung with a clear and melodious sound. This was Tang San's first hammer strike, and the prelude to forging.

In the inner room, lying on the bed, Tang Hao turned over. Even though his eyes were closed, his facial expression was somewhat astonished, murmuring in his sleep,

"He can actually lift the hammer, was he born with superhuman strength?"

Dong dong dong dong dong. Pounding sounds started to rise from the blacksmith shop. Tang Hao and Tang San, father and son, continued their prosaic life, but with a difference: starting from this day, Tang Hao let Tang San play with another furnace in the room, pounding that lump of iron on his own forge. He didn't instruct Tang San with a single sentence, but also from this day onward, Tang Hao's drinking lessened a little, and the family's food also increased a little.

Forging was an absolutely dull and tiring process, but Tang San still regarded this as the correct way to temper his body. When eleven days had passed, he had already forged numerous times, it felt like by swinging the iron hammer, he was unable to only rely on his body's physical strength, and had to use the help of Mysterious Heaven Skill.

His entire strength was enough to swing the hammer a hundred

times or so. Every time his strength was nearly exhausted, he sat cross legged on the ground to recover, and once his inner strength had recovered he immediately returned to hammering.

This wasn't only tempering his body. Repeatedly depleting and recovering, was also a good way of tempering his Mysterious Heaven Skill and willpower. Unfortunately, Mysterious Heaven Skill's first tier bottleneck still looked like it was an impregnable barrier. Tang San's practice couldn't be said not to be painstaking, but with his ample natural talent, he was still unable to break through and enter the second tier.

But his training still definitely wasn't a waste. Despite Mysterious Heaven skill being unable to break through, his internal strength still toughened in pace with his iron lump's forging, and his recovery speed seemed a bit faster than before.

As eleven days went by, Tang San had already swung the hammer more than 8000 times, the iron lump constantly becoming smaller. It was already less than one third of the original volume. As his training and food quantity increased, his body became rather solid and his physical strength seemed to gradually evolve. As a result, during the unceasing forging process, the consumption of inner strength gradually decreased. With increased inner strength duration, his physical strength also increased a great deal.

When he smashed down the hammer one thousand times, that iron lump had certainly changed; it was a small circle, and even though the center of the blazing fire burned red hot, he could still faintly perceive that the interior impurities appeared to have decreased a great deal.

Tempering into steel, this word appeared in Tang San mind. This also made him even more firmly determined to accomplish ten thousand hammer strikes. And the distance to this objective was very close.

Tang San's persistence astounded Tang Hao greatly. To him it seemed that even if this son of his was born with superhuman strength, it should be impossible to persist beyond three days. The handle of the iron hammer was roughened to prevent slipping, and would inevitably cause extreme injuries to the palm of the hand. But

he discovered that although Tang San was forging honestly, both his young and tender small hands did not seem to change. Not even blisters appeared.

Part 4

Since Tang San didn't want to lose this father, and he furthermore didn't want his past identity known, naturally he wouldn't tell Tang Hao that this was because of practicing Tang Sect's Mysterious Jade Hand.

In order to make good hidden weapons, the most basic requirements were a combination of eyesight, hand strength, and effort. That's what is called 'heart to eye, eye to hand'. Therefore, in Tang Sect inner sect's practice regimen, the requirements regarding eyesight and hand strength were extremely high.

Purple Demon Eye, had its maximum heightening effect on eyesight from practicing in the brief moment when the sun rises in the east.

Mysterious Jade Hand could cause the palm of the hand to become extremely tough and durable, moreover it could block any poison.

These two abilities were the required course for inner Tang sect disciples. Even though Tang San's Mysterious Jade Hand was still far from attaining a sufficient level, it could still protect his palm from being covered with blisters from abrasion.

"In addition, grasping strength can be called complete by now."

Tang San spared no strength swinging the iron hammer in his hand. In this dull process, his heart still wasn't calm at all. His understanding concerning this world was still tentative, this place was only a small village, nothing more.

In this world called Douluo Dalu, this continent held two great empires, which could perhaps also be spoken of as coalitions. Because within the two empires, a great deal of territory was conferred on feudal vassals, and the number of nobles with armed forces couldn't be counted.

Of these two empires, the one Tang San was in was Heaven Dou Empire, the other was the southern Star Luo Empire^[14].

Fasinuo province was located near the border between both countries, and Holy Spirit village by Nuoding city was no more than two hundred li^[15] away.

Tang San knew from talk among the villagers that within the Douluo continent, his world's martial arts didn't exist, but there was a kind of thing called Spirits^[16]. It was said that everyone had their own spirit, and among them, very few people's spirit could undergo cultivation, taking up an occupation called becoming Spirit Master. And Spirit Master was the noblest vocation on the whole continent. It seemed that according to legend, a hundred years ago Holy Spirit village produced a spirit sage, in other words a famous spirit master; Spirit Sage was a title for a Spirit Master rank.

Spirits were subdivided into two main categories, one category was tool spirits, and the other was beast spirits. As the names suggest, when a spirit was a utensil it was called a tool spirit, and with an animal as spirit it was called a beast spirit. Comparatively speaking, tool spirits included a wider range, and the vast majority of people all had tool spirits, and the ratio of tool spirits unable to cultivate was much bigger than for beast spirits.

Tang San once met the village's only person whose spirit was pickaxe, clearly a type of spirit unable to cultivate. But in spite of this, his work on farmland was still a little faster compared to ordinary villagers.

Tang San also fully understood that because everyone he met had their own spirit, Tang San also wanted to know what his martial spirit was. After all, whether tool spirit or beast spirit, both were sufficient if they could cultivate, right?

Among Douluo continent's people, the spirit was awakened at the age of six. In a few days Tang San would turn 6. For some reason he faintly felt that the reason his Mysterious Heaven Skill was unable to break through, was somehow related to his spirit.

Regarding becoming a Spirit Master, Tang San wasn't particularly

interested, but he resolved to become an inner Tang sect rank hidden weapon expert, no matter how little internal strength he had, right?

“Tang Hao, are you busy?”

In the course of Tang San making great effort towards forging ten thousand times, he heard the sound of an old man’s voice outside.

It was currently afternoon, Tang Hao was in the process working, creating farm tools, and hearing what was said made only an ‘ng’ sound.

Tang San, rather curious, came out from his room, only to see an old man, looking far over 60 years old, with a lanky figure, but spirit hale and hearty, clothing perfectly neat and tidy, hair meticulously combed out. The comparison with Tang Hao was simply too extreme.

This person, Tang San knew, was Holy Spirit village’s village elder, old Jack.

“Little San, come, let grandpa have a look at you.”

Old Jack turned to Tang San and waved his hand.

This place’s village elder was a kindly person, greatly respected by all the villagers, he had often brought over something to eat.

“Grandpa Jack, hello.”

Tang San walked over in front of Old Jack, respectfully bow to him. When a person treated him well, Tang San would always remember it in his heart.

Tang Hao indifferently said:

“I’m busy, village elder.”

Old Jack was actually no less than ten years older than him, but to actually be compared to him as the same generation, always worsened Tang Hao’s mood.

Old Jack was seemingly already accustomed to Tang Hao’s manners,

“Tang Hao, ah, little San has quickly become six years old. He ought to join this year’s awakening ceremony.”

Tang Hao gave Tang San a glance, indifferently saying:

“Then go participate. Which day is it?”

Old Jack said:

“In three days, when the time comes I’ll come bring him, alright.”

By his appearance when looking at Tang Hao, he very obviously wanted to say, ‘if you accompanied him, it would probably cause delays’.

Tang Hao slightly lowered his head, no longer paying attention to the village elder.

Tang San, who was nevertheless rather curious, asked:

“Grandpa Jack, what is the awakening ceremony?”

Old Jack sternly said:

“We all have our own spirit, which is finally awakened around the age of six with the awakening ceremony. Having a spirit, we can enhance our ability in a certain field. Even an ordinary spirit can still help. If by any chance you gain a remarkable spirit, we can speak about conducting cultivation, even to the extent that you could possibly become a Spirit Master. The awakening ceremony is held only once every year, I cannot let you miss it. It’s a lord attendant from Nuoding City’s Spirit Sub-Hall who personally comes to help our village’s children awaken. However that lord attendant is considered a Spirit Grandmaster^[17] ranked Spirit Master.”

When saying the words “Spirit Grandmaster”, there was obvious admiration in Old Jack’s eyes.

Tang San had only heard a few vague things about Spirit Masters, so right now he naturally couldn’t let the opportunity slip by, questioning closely he said:

“What does Spirit Grandmaster mean?”

Notes

1. (斗罗大陆) Also the name of the series, "Douluo Dalu". "Dou" means fight, "Luo" means gauze or "to sift", but may in some occasions be used as an intensifying particle, or as a phonetic component. My personal theory is that it's meant to be read as "battle sifting continent", as in a world of advancement through battle, but that makes for a terrible title.
2. (天斗帝国) "Heaven Fighting Empire"
3. (法斯诺行省) No real meaning, but might possibly be read as "Farsnow province".
4. (圣魂村)
5. (魂师) The second character can also mean teacher, expert, or a number of things.
6. The character for "holy", "saint", and "sage" is the same.
7. (玄天功) Or "Black Sky Work"
8. (玄玉手) Or "Black Jade Hand", "jade hand" is also an expression for feminine hands, but in this case it's probably meant literally.
9. (唐昊) "Tang Limitless"
10. (唐三) Same name as in his previous world. The logic behind naming him after his wife, is that "San (三)" means "three".
11. (控鹤擒龙)
12. (鬼影迷踪)
13. (暗器百解) Probably rather "Hidden Weapon Hundred Understanding"
14. (星罗帝国) Perhaps "Star Sifting Empire". The Dou in Heaven Dou and Luo in Star Luo are the characters in Douluo.
15. 200里 = 100 km
16. (武魂) Literally "martial spirit" or "martial soul". There are a bunch of connotations here, but mainly that a "spirit" may be an inherent quality of each person rather than a separate entity. "Spirit" is used throughout this translation.
17. (大魂师) "Great Spirit Master"

002 – Useless spirit with innate full spirit power

Part 1

Old Jack obviously answered Tang San with great patience. In his heart, the village's most intelligent child was none other than this Tang San. It was truly difficult to imagine that such a father could have as clever a son as this.

"Spirit Grandmaster is a Spirit Master rank. Spirit Master is the noblest vocation on our Douluo continent: they can be formidable champions, they can possess remarkable assisting ability. But no matter which kind of spirit master, all are sorted and accorded titles."

"Spirit Masters all possess their own spirit power. Based on spirit power intensity, these are subdivided into ten general titles. Each title is further subdivided into ten ranks. At first after only crossing the threshold, one is called Spirit Scholar. As soon as a spirit awakens, everyone is a spirit scholar. In the event that the spirit is capable of cultivation, when the spirit power reaches the eleventh rank, one can enter the next title, which in that case is Spirit Master. And Spirit Grandmaster, it is the third in this sequence of titles. Having reached the Spirit Grandmaster realm, one already is a fairly famed Spirit Master. There are a total of ten like this."

"Spirit Scholar, Spirit Master, Spirit Grandmaster, Spirit Elder, Spirit Ancestor, Spirit King, Spirit Emperor, Spirit Sage, Spirit Douluo and Title Douluo^[1]. This is precisely where our Douluo Continent's name comes from. It is said that when attaining the power of a ninetieth ranked Title Douluo, one can take a title for oneself. They are simply unparalleled existences, ah!"

His eyes shone with proud radiance,

"A hundred years ago our Holy Spirit village produced an eighth ranked Spirit Sage, ah. In all of Nuoding city, even in the whole Fasinuo region, this is extremely rare."

To the side Tang Hao curled his lip,

"Old Jack, that's just a legend, nothing more."

Intentionally rubbed the wrong way, Old Jack became indignant,

"What are you calling a legend? This legend comes from fact. Tang Hao, it's already been six years since you came to the village, you ought to realize that the Spirit Sage is part of our history. If you let me hear you insult the lord Spirit Sage again, I will banish you from the village. Were it not for little San, you think I would want to come to your doghouse, huh?"

Tang Hao wasn't angry, still pounding on the farming tool in his hand, still looking as if he hadn't heard Jack's words.

Jack resolutely glared at him, and facing Tang San, said:

"You mustn't take after such a dispirited father in the future. Alright, I'll leave first, and in three days, I will come get you."

Having finished talking, Old Jack left the smithy in spitting anger.

"Dad."

Tang San called out.

"Ng?"

Tang Hao coldly shot a glance at him. Catching sight of the chill in his father's eyes, Tang San could only swallow back his words. He returned to his room with a drooping head to continue striving for ten thousand swings.

At nightfall, after eating dinner, Tang Hao wiped his mouth and was about to leave as usual; that is to say, this was routine; going out to drink and drinking the cheapest ale.

"Dad. Wait a moment."

Tang San, without time to clear away dishes, first called out to stop Tang Hao.

“What?”

Tang Hao impatiently glared at him. Even though Tang Hao had never hit Tang San, for some reason, Tang San innately held some fear towards this father. For this person of two lifetimes, he was unable to change this feeling.

“Those ten thousand blows, I have completed forging them.”

Tang San said.

“Oh?”

The look in Tang Hao’s eyes was brilliant, as if it had some lustre.

“Fetch it for me to have a look.”

“Alright.”

Tang San sprinted back to his room. Very quickly, he came running out holding a chunk of iron in his hands.

The entire iron chunk was pitch black, and though irregular in shape, each facet appeared extremely brilliant, a black light dimly visible within. The entire iron chunk was approximately one fourth the size of the original, and when Tang San used Mysterious Heaven skill to hold it he didn’t feel strained by any means.

Tang Hao took the pitch black iron chunk into his hands, raising it before his eyes to carefully study it,

“Do you now understand what I said?”

Tang San nodded,

“When tempered into steel, metal of once insufficient quality is refined through continuous forging, it changes into high grade. Dad, did you want to tell me this principle?”

Tang Hao realized that these days, his son caused him quite a bit of astonishment. Returning the iron chunk to him, he said:

“Then continue. When you have completed forging it to the size of a fist, bring it to me again.”

Done speaking, he turned around and walked out of the house.

According to what he originally said, after forging that iron lump ten thousand times he would teach Tang San forging, but now he seemed to have gone back on his promise. But Tang San didn't take this to heart, he only thought of Tang Hao's words.

“Fist size?”

This big iron lump, could it really be forged to the size of a fist? Despite only being a quarter of the original volume, Tang San was still very clear that along with continuous forging, as the iron lump was becoming more and more concentrated, reducing volume also become even more difficult. Thinking about forging it to only fist size, it absolutely couldn't be accomplished with another ten thousand blows.

After being tempered into steel, what would it become after another ten thousand blows? Glittering radiance flashed through Tang San's eyes, and he staggered slightly as he dexterously entered his room. Very soon, ting ting dong dong hammering noises, once more rose from the smithy.

Three days passed very quickly, Tang San still went to the hilltop in the early morning to do his routine exercise every day, and returned home afterward. In addition to cooking, he was also forging, testing his strength against that piece of pig iron. Every day the tempo of the beats increased. Mysterious Heaven Skill helped him recover physical strength quickly, so that he could especially maintain this continuous forging process.

“Little San, grandpa has come to get you.”

Old Jack punctually came to the smithy, this time he didn't even go inside, only calling Tang San from the outside.

Tang San glanced at his father by his side who just now had eaten. Tang Hao indifferently said:

“Go. Don’t delay midday cooking.”

Part 2

Tang San promised to be back soon, then left the smithy.

With old Jack leading, Tang San followed him to the Spirit Hall in the middle of the village. Naturally, this so-called Spirit Hall was merely a large log cabin, nothing more.

Because everyone had spirits, every year would have children undergoing spirit awakening. Therefore, Spirit Halls could be found everywhere on the Continent. Naturally, these were all only subsidiary halls, there was a distinct hierarchy.

The village children didn’t have a very good opinion of Tang San. To favor the rich and disdain the poor is an ability not only among nobles, among common people the circumstances are instead even more distinct. With Tang San originally being a reincarnated person and his real age having long ago exceeded 30, naturally he was also unwilling to come into contact with these children. To him, spare time was better spent on cultivation, consequently, he of course never had a childhood playmate.

In addition to village elder Jack and eight children present, there was also one youth in the Spirit Hall. This person appeared to be just over 20 years old, dashing eyebrows slanting above starry eyes, his facial features extremely bright and handsome. He was dressed completely in brilliant white clothes, a black cloak on his back, and right on the center of his chest, above his heart, was a palm sized ‘spirit’ character. This was standard attire for staff directly subordinate to Spirit Hall.

On the left side of the chest was a carved badge with three crossed long swords. It seemed like Jack knew this kind of Spirit Master well; three in quantity represented a Spirit Master of third degree, titled Spirit Grandmaster, and the long swords represented this Spirit Hall attendant was a Battle Spirit Master.

“Greetings, esteemed Battle Spirit Grandmaster, this time we will

inconvenience you.”

Old Jack respectfully bowed to the youngster.

The centre of the youngsters forehead betrayed an indifferent arrogance. Indifferently bowing slightly, he at last returned the greeting,

“My time is scarce, let’s begin.”

Old Jack said:

“Very well. Children, this is a Battle Spirit Grandmaster from Nuoding City. Next, he will guide you to open yourselves to your spirit. You must cooperate well with the great teacher to conduct your spirit awakening; grandpa is looking forward to seeing who among you has the capability to become Spirit Masters.”

The youngster somewhat impatiently said:

“Very well, you said the same thing last year. Do you think becoming a Spirit Master is really that easy? I already passed six villages, and not one of them had a person with spirit power. They also didn’t have suitable spirits.”

Old Jack’s eyes showed a trace of dejection, sighing, he said:

“Yes, ah! Only one in very many inherit the aptitude to actually become a Spirit Master. Among us ordinary people, it is indeed most difficult.”

Shaking his head, he moved away from the Spirit Hall.

The youngster’s gaze fell on the eight children before him. As a Spirit Hall inspecting attendant, helping ordinary people undergo spirit awakening was his compulsory assignment, and he was long since used to it.

“Children, line up.”

Towards these children, his manner was quite lukewarm.

The eight children stood in order before the youngster, Tang San stood at the leftmost side. He was a little thinner and smaller than

other children his age.

The youngster smiled and said:

“I am called Su Yuntao, a twenty sixth ranked Spirit Grandmaster, and will be your guide. Now, I will have you undergo spirit awakening one by one. Remember, regardless of what happens, do not be afraid.”

While speaking, Su Yuntao unfolded a bundle on a desk to one side, taking out two things from inside: six round pitch-black stones and one sparkling blue crystal ball.

Su Yuntao placed the six black stones on the ground in the form of a hexagon, then motioned the first child on the right to stand inside.

“Don’t be afraid, close your eyes and feel carefully.”

While speaking, Su Yuntao’s eyes suddenly lit up, and before the children’s appalled eyes, he shouted in a deep voice,

“Lone Wolf Body Enhancement.”

A wisp of thin blue-green light rose from between his eyebrows, following straight up, entering into the hair knot.

Su Yuntao’s hair was originally black, but just after that blue-green light poured in, it had turned grey in a flash. Furthermore it quickly grew longer, and similarly colored fur appeared on both his uncovered hands. At the same time, his body also seemed to expand a great deal compared to before, his whole body swelling with muscle.

The Spirit Hall attire had very good elasticity; it actually didn’t rip when filling to the point of bursting because of his body growing large. Su Yuntao’s eyes had already changed to a faint green color. Sharp claws stretched out from the ten fingers on both hands, glimmering coolly with a dazzling gleam. Two concentric halos of light shone brightly up from underfoot, constantly moving from underfoot to the crown of his head. Among them one was white, the other one was yellow. Exceedingly strange.

The boy he told to stand among the black stones, with eyes staring at Su Yuntao's body transforming, suddenly shouted,

"Aaaaah~~~~~", about to run away from fear.

The fresh green radiance in Su Yuntao's eyes was truly frightening. Catching hold of that child, he said:

"Don't move. I said not to be afraid. This is my spirit, Lone Wolf. If one of you is capable of becoming a spirit master in the future, they will also be able to employ similar abilities."

The only one not immediately at the height of terror was Tang San, immediate results appeared all over Su Yuntao's body as he transformed.

Instead of astonishment, Tang San's heart was full of curiosity, 'Grey fur appeared all over him, green eyes, these really are wolf characteristics, could it be that after spirit possession people transform into wolves? No, not right, it should be that he possesses a wolf ability, right. Then, within spirit master vocation, there should be a better use of spirit abilities.'

For the first time, Tang San realized, he became interested in the spirit master vocation. He now already somewhat impatiently wanted to know what his own spirit was.

As Su Yuntao clapped both hands together, at lightning speed, six faint green lights poured into the black stones on the ground. At once, a layer of golden misty light released from the stones and rose.

Part 3

For some reason, as the previously noisily crying child was enveloped in the faint golden light, he immediately became quiet, just somewhat dully standing there.

Every speck of the golden light came fluttering up from the black stones, further entering the body of the boy.

The boy's body began to lightly tremble, not knowing whether to shout or remain quiet.

"Extend your right hand."

Su Yuntao's two moss green eyes stared fixedly at the boy, majestically commanding.

The boy extended his right hand with a start, then paused. All the light specks surged out, instantly a sickle appeared in his hand.

It would appear, that sickle wasn't any trick of the light, and rather it truly existed.

Su Yuntao creased his brow,

"It's a Tool Spirit. Can a sickle be regarded as a weapon? It ought to with effort."

The golden light gradually disappeared. The boy, somewhat amazed, looked at the not particularly small sickle in his hand, rather at a loss.

Su Yuntao said:

"Your spirit is Sickle, a Tool Spirit. Come, let me test if you have spirit power. If you possess spirit power, even a tool spirit can undergo Battle Spirit Cultivation. After all, a sickle certainly has potential for attack."

"Great-, great teacher, what should I do?"

The boy timidly asked.

Su Yuntao coolly said:

"Intentionally recall your spirit. From now try to remember the time you employed it and use that thought to call it out."

The boy tried a long time, just to recall the sickle. Su Yuntao's hands held the blue crystal ball in front of him, motioning him to place his right hand on it.

The boy's immature little hand and Su Yuntao's wolf claws above

and below the crystal ball respectively, there was a clear contrast.

A moment later, Su Yuntao somewhat dejectedly said:

“No spirit power. You can’t become a Spirit Master. For now, step aside.

Similar scenes continued to play out, and one after another five children had their spirits awakened. Their spirits were all a few pickaxes, sickles and such farm tools. In succession no Beast Spirit appeared, and as for spirit power, all were judged by Su Yuntao to be ‘nil’.

When the seventh child’s turn came, this was also the last one ahead of Tang San.

After sustained use of spirit power, Su Yuntao seemed to already be rather exhausted, but he still intended to help all eight children complete the awakening process.

Golden flecks of light gathered, and this once, finally it was no longer a farm tool, and something different appeared. A small stem of light blue grass appeared in this girl’s palm, softly fluttering to and fro.

Tang San vaguely felt that he had himself seen this blue little grass before. Very quickly, the thought came to him; this grass was known as blue silver grass. It showed up everywhere in the village. Resembling his original world’s green grass, it was just as widespread, except its vitality was comparatively even more tenacious. It didn’t really have any other function. Only because the girl was covered in a layer of pale golden light, he did not recognize it at first.

Even though it wasn’t a farm tool, the disappointment in Su Yuntao’s eyes was even more evident,

“It’s a useless spirit. It doesn’t have potential for attack, doesn’t have defensive power, and doesn’t have assisting ability. Blue silver grass is also considered as the standard of useless spirits.”

While speaking, he held out the blue crystal ball to the girl in accordance with procedure, and just like he predicted, like before no

spirit power appeared.

At long last it was Tang San's turn, Su Yuntao didn't have to speak, he already stepped ahead to stand in the centre of the six pitch black stones.

In pace with Su Yuntao's six streams of spirit power pouring into them, the pale golden light once more shone up brightly. Warmth, this was Tang San's first sensation, as if his whole body was wrapped up inside a nice and warm world, unspeakably comfortable. No wonder those children before could smooth their emotions when wrapped up in the light.

Warm breath permeated into the body, and Tang San distinctly became aware that his own Mysterious Heaven Skill internal power seemingly fluctuated. Immediately afterwards, in that warm energy's traction, within the body just as if something had broken, in a split second warm breath surged towards the palm of his hand.

Su Yuntao's eyes abruptly shone, because within that golden light, there appeared so many golden flecks that it was even more than what all the previous children possessed together. He faintly sensed, as if a correspondingly powerful spirit would appear. Excitement showed in his manner.

Speaking of those Spirit Hall attendants responsible for ordinary people's spirit awakening, if they could awaken a potentially outstanding child, then bring him to Spirit Hall, they could acquire many first class benefits. With regard to getting promoted it was enormously advantageous.

But very quickly Su Yuntao lost heart.

Tang San subconsciously lifted his right hand, he saw something blue. This type of blue had already appeared twice at the village's Spirit Hall that day.

Blue silver grass, exactly identical to the previous girl's blue silver grass. The standard for useless spirits.

Su Yuntao had no choice but to say:

“Again a useless spirit, it seems. Holy Spirit village this time was again a waste of time. Ok, children, you can leave.”

The previously great quantity of golden flecks of light that appeared, at first gave him a great deal of expectations, but when finally unexpectedly it was merely blue silver grass, the sense of disparity caused Su Yuntao to feel somewhat in a bad mood.

“Uncle, you still have not let me undergo spirit power test, right.”

Tang San saw Su Yuntao already wanted to pack up that blue crystal ball, and hurriedly reminded him.

Su Yuntao said without looking back:

“No need to test. Blue silver grass, for this useless spirit I still have never seen one instance where spirit power appeared.”

“Let me give it a try, uncle.”

Tang San persistently said. When the golden light brought the warm feeling inside him, it produced a strange sensation, as if a great door opened and caused a subtle change in his Mysterious Heaven skill. At the same time, he also very much wanted to know, what the actual difference was between his inner strength and this world’s spirit.

Su Yuntao was dumbfounded all of a sudden, turning around, to Tang San’s calm and rather steadfast gaze. In his heart musing, this child was seemingly out of the ordinary.

Part 4

“Very well.”

Trying once could not waste much time. While speaking, he handed over the blue crystal ball to Tang San.

As before, Su Yuntao instructed to withdraw blue silver grass from within the body. He realized, this really was not difficult; with respect to Mysterious Heaven Skill control it was similar to what the skill to

withdraw could accomplish. Simultaneously, he additionally discovered, the moment blue silver grass appeared, seemingly it also was his Mysterious Heaven skill pouring out, and like that blue little grass became condensed through Mysterious Heaven skill.

With his palm just about to touch the blue crystal ball, Tang San's body fiercely trembled all of a sudden. He was shocked to discover, that seemingly very beautiful blue crystal ball unexpectedly possessed tremendous attraction, his inner strength surging out as if finding an outlet. He wanted to struggle free, but no matter how he tried he was unable to escape out that strong attraction.

Su Yuntao was similarly amazed. To think that this situation would arise while the last spirit power test of this Holy Spirit village's was taken. Suddenly, the blue crystal ball in his hand began to shine, dazzling blue light starting from a point spread in a flash. In an eye blink, this crystal ball looked just like it was a resplendent gem giving off sparkling luminescence. A cool blue flare showed, unspeakably moving.

In accordance with the traditional test, as long as the crystal ball gave some response, even a single trace of radiance, it would prove by test that spirit power existed, and at present the blue crystal ball radiated such dazzling radiance that there was only one explanation.

"Heavens, it actually is innate full spirit power."

Blue green light released again from Su Yuntao's body, and the crystal ball shot out from Tang San's palm. At this moment, he saw before his eyes this boy's gaze had already become completely different. It seemingly resembled the appearance of a monster.

Tang San naturally also noticed that his situation was different from the other children's test. Feeling uncertain, he asked:

"Uncle, what is innate full spirit power?"

Su Yuntao dully looked at him, and subconsciously explained:

"For everyone at the time of spirit awakening, apart from a spirit's form, while deciding whether it is big and powerful, the amount of spirit power is also extremely important. Vast amount of people at

the time of spirit awakening do not have spirit power, like the several children before this. They are destined to be unable to become spirit masters in their lifetime. But provided spirit power appears, even if only a little, anyone can undergo meditation cultivation. And at the time of spirit awakening the spirit power amount is crucial for setting spirit master cultivation starting level. With higher spirit power level, acquired cultivation rate is greater. Moreover, because of starting level, the fundamentals will naturally also be practiced earlier than others. What is known as innate full spirit power is that at the time of spirit awakening, one is innately capable of attaining the highest spirit power.”

“Highest spirit power?”

Tang San looked at Su Yuntao, his heart swirling. He did not know what his spirit power was, but it could certainly be, that the testing blue crystal ball absorbed his internal strength from Mysterious Heaven skill. Could it be said that, his internal strength in this world transformed into spirit power?

Perhaps it was because Tang San’s innate full spirit power caused no small shock to Su Yuntao, but he did not mind taking the trouble to explain:

“Our spirit is graded like this: every ten ranks is a title. After spirit awakening, one can automatically be known as spirit scholar. Of course, only a first level spirit scholar. In accordance with spirit strength intensity it is subdivided into ranks. What is meant by innate full spirit strength is that exactly after awakening, spirit strength level is innately the highest tenth rank. I still have never come across a person with innate full spirit strength; originally when I awakened, I also was only second rank spirit power, nothing more.”

Tang San had already collected himself by now. It was very difficult to find a true spirit master, so he naturally was unable to give up, and hurriedly asked his inner heart’s doubt,

“Innate spirit strength can only be tenth rank? It cannot be higher?”

The blue green light around Su Yuntao’s whole body disappeared, withdrawing his spirit body possession,

“Of course not. A spirit master’s strength cannot be promoted that easily. During each advancement of title, not only must spirit power first reach the summit of the title, furthermore one must obtain a spirit ring. Without a spirit ring, even if you further make great efforts with cultivation, it is still impossible to enter the next title. Just for instance like you right now, because you have already attained innate full spirit power. Therefore, if you want to continue promoting your spirit power, instead of meditation, you must first obtain a spirit ring. After entering into the lower levels of the second title, you will be able to continue meditation cultivation.”

Tang San suddenly said:

“Spirit ring, like the halo around your body just now? You are 26th rank, therefore have two spirit rings.”

Su Yuntao nodded, said:

“Exactly like that. Your circumstances are very exceptional, innate full spirit power is a rare once in a hundred year gift. It’s a pity, truly is a pity. Unexpectedly it is a useless spirit. Even if your spirit were only a farm tool, it would be stronger compared to blue silver grass. In that case, I could.....”

He did not say more, but Tang San also faintly understood his meaning, only in his heart, a covering veil was lifted.

Tang San had always been a person good at contemplation. In his previous life he was like that, in this life he was still like that. According to what Su Yuntao said, in his case spirit strength truly was linked with internal strength. That is, after arriving in this world, cultivation of internal strength became spirit strength, and the reason why his Mysterious Heaven skill was unable to enter the secondary tier, was exactly because of this so called spirit ring. To be precise, if he wanted to further improve, he must become like a spirit master to obtain spirit ring. But what is a spirit ring?

Tang San properly thought it through before continuing asking. But Su Yuntao had already picked up the bundle and headed to leave.

“Old Jack.”

Door open, old Jack with a tense face went to meet Su Yuntao.

“Grandmaster, what do you think. Do this year’s village children possibly have capability of becoming spirit masters?”

Su Yuntao looked at him, made a sighing sound, and said:

“There is one who does, only it’s a pity.”

In Jack’s eyes revealed a bewildered indeterminate expression. Enquiring further, he asked:

“Grandmaster, that outcome is.....”

Su Yuntao said:

“This year among these eight children, only one possess spirit power, and even innate full spirit power, it’s too bad, his spirit is blue silver grass. You understand?”

“Blue silver grass? Innate full spirit power? Heavens.”

On Jack’s face was a downcast expression which was much more grave compared to Su Yuntao. He who had been village chief for so many years, naturally understood what significance innate full spirit power represented. But this innate full spirit power appeared with blue silver grass spirit; that truly was.....

“Grandmaster, blue silver grass truly has no way of cultivation?”

Jack asked with a frown.

Su Yuntao could understand old Jack’s state of mind. Instead of his earlier arrogant manner, patting old Jack’s shoulder, he said:

“It is not entirely unable to cultivate. Only, you consider blue silver grass in rate of spirit promotion; what can evolution accomplish? Useless spirits are in the end useless spirits. Even while becoming a spirit master, he probably will be a useless spirit master. This innate full spirit power truly is a pity. Well then, I will leave first, I must still go to another village.”

Su Yuntao in the end did not wait for Tang San to continue asking questions, departing from the village. With no Su Yuntao, Tang San

could only run to Jack outside, asking his most urgent question,

“Jack grandpa, what is a spirit ring? How can one obtain a spirit ring?”

Old Jack, as if still thinking over Su Yuntao’s words, subconsciously answered:

“I also do not know what spirit ring is. In order to obtain spirit ring, one seemingly must hunt spirit beasts. This is very a very dangerous task that only spirit masters are capable of.”

Notes

1. (魂士, 魂师, 大魂师, 魂尊, 魂宗, 魂王, 魂帝, 魂圣, 魂斗罗, 封号斗罗)

003 – Twin spirits

Part 1

“Oh.”

Spirit ring, spirit beast, these two completely new terms resounded continuously in Tang San’s mind. Although he wasn’t completely sure that his surmise was correct, but since Mysterious Heaven Skill was unable to break through the bottleneck all along, this spirit ring clearly was a breakthrough.

By now, Jack had already recovered, lowering his head to regard Tang San, and said astonished:

“Little San, you couldn’t be that innate full spirit power blue silver grass child mentioned by the grandmaster.”

Tang San nodded, said:

“It’s me.”

Old Jack crouched down, and faced Tang San. Looking at him, Jack said,

“Little San, I did not expect your talents to be so remarkable. It’s too bad, you have that father who doesn’t have good spirit to pass on to you. Otherwise, perhaps you truly could become our village’s second spirit saint. You tell grandpa whether or not you want to go to a special school to study spirit master cultivation method. Only that place has access to the most accurate knowledge about spirits.”

By now, inside Tang San, a strong interest toward spirits had already appeared, especially the relation between spirits and his own Mysterious Heaven skill, but he still did not have a definite answer immediately.

“Grandpa Jack, not until I ask dad.”

Jack suddenly realised, even an intelligent child is after all still a

child, and no matter how he puts it they must also go to consult Tang Hao's opinion.

In his eyes was a rather steadfast light. Even though he truly did not want to go see that slovenly apparition, for the sake of the village to be able to once again produce a spirit master, he would stop at nothing.

"Go, little San. Grandpa will accompany you back home."

Old Jack stealthily returned without the other children, letting their parents collect them, and took only this Tang San back to the smithy.

Before noon was Tang Hao's routine nap time, and the smithy was very quiet.

"Tang Hao, Tang Hao."

Old Jack did not care whether Tang Hao was asleep. Concerning this slovenly blacksmith, he truly loathed him very much. Were he not forging farm tools very cheaply, he wanted to kick Tang Hao out of the village long ago.

At the same time as calling Tang Hao, old Jack looked around everywhere, at first wanting to find a chair to sit on, but seeing those broken tattered worn out things, he prudently did not have the courage to pull one over. His age was already not inconsiderable, and he had a thought that if he fell in here he would not only pull muscles or break bones.

"Who is making such a fuss?"

Tang Hao's somewhat angry voice resounded. Pushing aside inner room door curtain, he unhurriedly came out.

He first caught sight of his son, only then shifting his gaze to Jack,

"Old Jack, what are you doing?"

Jack angrily said:

"Today is the day of your son's spirit awakening. Don't you know how important this is? Other people's families have both parents

accompanying. You should go as well, and it still is like always.”

Tang Hao, ignoring Jack’s taunts as usual, his gaze once again shifted to his son,

“Little San, your spirit awakened? What is it?”

Tang San said:

“Dad, it’s blue silver grass.”

“Blue silver grass?”

For some reason, despite being disinterested in other matters all along, once Tang Hao heard these three words, his body suddenly trembled all at once, and in his eyes also showed a trace of sparkling brilliance.

Tang Hao’s expression changed, only paying attention to Tang San. Old Jack naturally didn’t care what the slovenly blacksmith’s expression was, and immediately said:

“Though it’s blue silver grass, but little San still has innate full spirit power. Tang Hao, I’ve decided that this year our village’s one student quota goes to Tang San. Let him go to Nuoding city primary spirit master academy to study. The village will guarantee the costs.”

“Blue silver grass, blue silver grass.”

Tang Hao again and again murmured these few words, abruptly lifting his head. In his eyes showed a strong light Tang San had never seen before. He said quietly:

“Won’t do.”

“What did you say? I heard it wrong.”

Jack dug in his ear, taken aback staring at Tang Hao,

“You should know just how valuable this opportunity is. Even if our Holy Spirit village produced a spirit saint once upon a time, every one year we also only have one student quota. For other villages, more than two or three villages have to share one person’s quota, don’t you know? This is a good opportunity. Perhaps little San is

capable of becoming an exalted master.”

Tang Hao looked at Jack with cold eyes,

“What use is being exalted? I just know that if he leaves, no one will make me food. Blue silver grass, what do you think cultivating blue silver grass can accomplish? That is only a useless spirit.”

Old Jack forcefully said:

“But he has innate full spirit power, as long as he is able to obtain a spirit ring, even if it’s the least quality spirit ring, he is also immediately capable of becoming a spirit master. Spirit master, you understand? Our village already has not produced a spirit master in so many years.”

Tang Hao coolly said:

“This just now is your true purpose. Saying it won’t do, means it won’t do. You can leave.”

“Tang----Hao----.”

In old Jack’s mind flames of fury already burned to the maximum.

Tang Hao as before had a listless expression,

“No need to be that loud, I’m not deaf yet. I said: you can go.”

“Grandpa Jack, you please don’t take offense. I still won’t go to study spirit master abilities. Dad is right, blue silver grass is only a useless spirit. Thank you for your good intentions.”

Although Jack loathed Tang Hao the most, he was still extraordinarily fond of the intelligent Tang San, and his chest filled with burning fury was gradually pacified. He sighed deeply,

“Good child, grandpa isn’t angry. Well then, grandpa will leave.”

Saying so, he turned around and headed out.

Tang San hurriedly saw him out. Dad could ignore him, but Jack was the village elder, who also treated him very well. Courtesy to him was absolutely not a small thing.

Jack walked to the smithy's door and stopped, turning to look in Tang Hao's direction, saying sincerely and earnestly:

"Tang Hao, all your life will come to an end like this, but little San is still young. Should you not consider giving him some means of making a living? Don't hold him back. Then at least he will not end up in the same situation as you afterwards. If you change your decision come to find me, ok. There is still three months before this year's Nuoding spirit master primary academy enrollment."

Part 2

As Tang San saw off old Jack, his heart had also fallen many times. After all, Su Yuntao's words of spirit rings could have some bearing on his Mysterious Heaven skill breakthrough problem. But he did not let this affect his behaviour very much, he believed he still had a chance.

Unhurriedly he went back to the smithy. Tang Hao unusually had not returned to the inner room to continue sleeping, and was rather sitting on a chair with eyes closed and resting.

"Dad, you can go back to the inner room to sleep a moment, I will go prepare the midday meal."

Tang Hao, his eyes still closed, indifferently said,

"Do you also feel very disappointed? You also want to go become a spirit master?"

Tang San was taken aback somewhat,

"It's not important, dad. Becoming a blacksmith is also good, it can also support us. You promised me to teach me how to forge farm tools, right? "

Tang Hao slowly opened his eyes. In the center of his eyes, Tang San saw an agitated mood. Unconsciously, Tang Hao's right fist was already held tight, and his face which already appeared grey and old showed a trace of ice cold air,

“Spirit master? What use is becoming a spirit master? Not to mention a mere waste spirit, even the fiercest spirit or the most powerful spirit is of what use? Still only a good for nothing, that's all.”

Tang Hao's mood was very agitated, his whole body quivering. Tang San saw in his father's eyes something glittering.

Running over, Tang San gripped Tang Hao's fist,

“Dad, don't be angry, I don't want to go be a spirit master. I'll always accompany you and make you food.”

Taking a deep breath, Tang Hao's agitation left as quickly as it came, and he calmly said:

“Bring out your spirit and let me have a look.”

“Ok.”

Tang San nodded, lifting his right hand. Within his body Mysterious Heaven skill quietly pushed, and within his consciousness he felt a peculiar warm current permeated with Mysterious Heaven Skill. Pale blue radiance appearing at the palm of his hand, in an instant, a blue delicate little grass already appeared.

Staring dazedly at the blue silver grass in Tang San's hand, Tang Hao was in a spell of absentmindedness, for a long time until he gradually recovered. Bright eyes and swallowing hard, he murmured in a low voice:

“Blue silver grass; it really is blue silver grass. And the same as hers.”

Abruptly, Tang Hao vigorously stood up and walked over to the inner room, the sudden movement nearly causing him to fall over in front of Tang San, the blue silver grass spirit in his hand dissolving on its own.

“Dad.”

Tang Hao impatiently waved his hand,

“Don’t disturb me.”

While speaking, he already entered through the inner room door curtain.

“But, I still have another spirit.”

Tang San still knew after today’s spirit awakening that his case was out of the ordinary. He had not put this question to Su Yuntao or old Jack; after all, those both were only strangers, nothing more.

.....

【Tang Sect Mysterious Heaven Treasure Record general principles, first point: Never let a person you cannot completely trust know how much strength you really possess.】

.....

Tang San had already completely learned the Mysterious Heaven Treasure Record by heart, and he was even more absolutely persistent in adhering to the general principles.

The door curtain was violently pushed aside, and Tang Hao again emerged into the outer room, his face already full of a shocked expression. His two eyes were red, as if crying just a moment ago.

Tang San did not open his mouth, rather like a moment ago he had raised the right hand, and he slowly raised his left hand. This time, instead of a blue light, faint black light bubbled out from the center of his palm, in a brilliant flash condensing, as a bizarre thing appeared in his hand.

That was an entirely pitch black hammer. The hammer handle was about half a chi in length, with a cylindrical hammerhead. It would appear to resemble a smaller version of the forging hammer, yet that hammer’s pitch black surface had a peculiar light, and on the cylindrical hammerhead coiled a faint circle of a decorative pattern.

For some reason, just as the hammer appeared on the middle of Tang San’s hand, all the air in the room seemed somewhat heavy, and Tang San just as if unable to bear the weight of that little

hammer could only hold it, his arm slowly drooping. His facial expression had already become somewhat pale.

Different from the blue silver grass which seemed not to require depleting Mysterious Heaven Skill, when this black little hammer appeared, it practically sucked up Tang San's own internal strength. He also could only with effort manage to keep his grip tight on the hammer handle. Although it would appear that the hammer was very small, but in fact its weight surpassed that of the forging hammer by far.

"This, this is....."

Tang Hao was less than one step forward in front of Tang San, and grabbed hold of the hammer in his hands to bring before his face. Tang Hao's hands had great strength, at least Tang San no longer felt that his arm held such a great burden.

Just as Tang Hao gripped his hand, a kind feeling like warm blood rushing through his veins made a part of Tang San's heart comfortable,

"Dad, what's wrong?"

Looking at that black little hammer, the agitated radiance which had vanished appeared in Tang Hao's eyes once more,

"Twin spirits. It's actually twin spirits. Son, my son."

Abruptly, Tang Hao spread his strong arms, and tightly hugged Tang San to his chest.

Tang Hao's chest was very wide. Perhaps because of his long work as a blacksmith, even though on the surface he looked very sluggish, the muscles on his body certainly had not lessened over the years, and being held in his arms was very warm. That kind of paternal love brought a sense of security that was irreplaceable.

"Dad."

Tang San stopped, rather dumbfounded. As far as he could remember, this was the first time Tang Hao had hugged him in this

way.

The hammer in his hand seemed to become heavier and heavier, and even though Tang San very much liked the warmth from this paternal love, he even more did not want the iron hammer to slip out of his hand and smash his father.

“Dad, I can’t hold on.”

Tang San could not bear to say these words.

Tang Hao released his arms,

“Withdraw it.”

Dispersing in black light, the weight disappeared. Tang San’s heart felt very odd; this hammer undoubtedly was a hybrid with his Mysterious Heaven Skill exceptional inner strength, but why was he still unable to lift it? What else made him astounded was that after summoning that little hammer, his inner strength actually was nearly completely used up.

Part 3

Tang San had never seen his father’s facial expression so rich. Every kind of complex emotion appeared on Tang Hao’s face, and after a long time, he could slowly utter a sentence,

“Remember, in the future, you must use the hammer in your left hand to protect well the grass in your right hand. Forever.”

Tang San nodded without understanding the reason. Tang Hao stood up, going straight back to the inner room.

While preparing the midday meal, Tang San at the same time pondered on how this day he came into contact with the spirit world. Twin spirits, seemingly in this world very few should exist, otherwise father could not have been shocked in that way. It looked as if this hammer spirit of his seemed to move him very greatly.

Concerning what he said, what was nevertheless also important was

that spirits were interconnected with Mysterious Heaven skill. In his case since this spirit ring was precisely the key to his inability to break through Mysterious Heaven Skill, then, no matter how, he would have to think of a way to get a spirit ring to test at some time.

At the midday meal, Tang Hao seemed very taciturn, his appetite also seemed a great deal smaller than before. His gaze frequently fell on Tang San, seemingly hesitating about something.

Having finished the midday meal, Tang San as usual prepared to tidy away the dishes, but Tang Hao asked him to stop.

“Wait a moment before you tidy up, ok. Little San, I ask you, do you want to become a spirit master?”

Tang San was dazed for a moment, looking towards Tang Hao, unwilling to deceive his father. He hesitated for a moment, and finally nodded.

Tang Hao heaved a sigh, his face seeming even older,

“In the end you still head for this path.”

He only spoke this sentence, then returned to his room.

Tang San realized, when Tang Hao sighed, he felt were disappointed but nevertheless his expression was more gratified. He understood that in his father’s heart seemed to be many hidden things.

Clearing away all the dishes, Tang San returned to his room and continued his work. With the collision between forging hammer and iron chunk, clanking noises resounded. Although he did not know at what time this chunk of pig iron could become the fist size that Tang Hao demanded, but this type of forging had a not inconsiderable benefit regarding increasing his Mysterious Heaven skill, and regarding his physical training the effect was also pretty good. Tang San already started trying to exhaust less Mysterious Heaven skill inner strength when wielding the iron hammer if possible. This way, he could maintain the time he could successively swing the hammer even longer.

From noon he beat another three hundred times, perceiving that

every now and then a few impurities had been driven out of the chunk of iron. Lifting the door curtain, Tang Hao entered. This afternoon he seemingly had not forged any farm tools, at least Tang San had not heard the familiar beating sounds.

“Dad.”

Tang San looked in his father’s direction, halting the hammer in his hands and lowering it.

Tang Hao motioned him to continue, walking near to stand calmly at one side. He did not start to speak, only looked at him.

Tang San only then continued to wield the hammer. By now his clothes were already soaked with sweat. With his current inner strength, he still could not adapt to the temperature level, let alone this absolutely heavy physical labour.

Dang, dang, dang, dang, dang..... The beating sound unceasingly resounded, Tang San’s small body with the iron hammer in his hands definitely could not be proportional, but every time the iron hammer swung it nevertheless acted powerfully.

Tang Hao in his heart said, ‘innate superhuman strength and additionally innate full spirit power, no wonder he is able to swing the iron hammer inspite of being this small.’ Old Jack’s words might be correct; he should not let his dispiritedness affect this child’s growth and the road from here, even if he himself left.

Looking at Tang San dripping with sweat, Tang Hao finally set his determination.

“Pause a moment.”

Tang Hao started to speak.

Tang San lowered the iron hammer in his hands, faintly panting somewhat, quietly urging his body’s Mysterious Heaven skill to adjust his breathing, in order to recover his physical strength.

Tang Hao walked over in front of Tang San, taking the iron hammer in his hands, and looked at the stove where the iron chunk was glowing

red hot in the fire,

“Beating it like this, even with a year it could not become fist sized.”

Tang san faced up, looking at his tall and big father,

“Then how should I do it?”

Tang Hao indifferently said:

“Tell me, when you swing the forging hammer to beat it, at what part of the body does the strength first come from?”

Tang San thought, then said:

“It should be the waist, right. From the waist through the back, then afterwards along the arm to raise the forging hammer?”

Tang Hao did not confirm nor deny Tang San’s statement, but continued asking,

“Of the human body apart from the brain, which part is the most important?”

“It’s the heart.”

Tang San replied without the slightest hesitation. The heart and the brain could similarly cause instant death, and while the brain still had the skull for protection, the heart had only skin and muscle, nothing more. As a Tang Sect disciple, he was very clear on the human body’s composition, and using hidden weapons to pierce an enemy’s heart was the most effective and fastest method to cause fatality.

Tang Hao paused for a moment, then said:

“Then you tell me how many hearts a person has.”

“Aa?”

Tang San, taken aback, looked at him, rather at a loss. Saying how many hearts a person had?

“Answer me.”

Tang Hao coldly looked at him, his figure giving off pressure that

caused Tang San to be unable to breathe.

“One.”

Tang Hao shook his head, saying:

“No, you’re mistaken. Remember, people have three hearts, not one.”

“Three?”

Tang San stared dumbstruck at Tang Hao, not understanding what he meant.

Tang Hao reversed his grip on the iron hammer, using the handle to poke both Tang San’s calves,

“Here. On people’s two calf muscles, in other words, are the second and third hearts. If a person wants to bring out one’s entire physical strength, in that case, he must use three hearts simultaneously to have a result. Therefore, when bringing out strength, it definitely does not stem from the lower back. The three hearts is the correct starting point.”

“When the heart inside your chest beats rapidly, power originating from the two calves, force transmits up, reaching the thigh, passing through the waist, back, arm, and finally releasing. This is how to hit with all one’s strength. Hearts give force, the waist is the axis. Watch.”

Part 4

Tang Hao raised the hammer in his hand, making Tang San draw back several steps. At the same time, the hammer in his hand already changed direction to return, and with a deep loud shout, his body half turning, both legs sticking firmly to the ground, uncovered by tattered trouser legs both calves momentarily tensed, his whole person resembling a fierce tiger ready to spring. Legs emitting strength, waist twisting, and the forging hammer was invisible in the midst of already being brought back down, with a clanging sound. Heavily coming down on top of the red hot chunk of pig iron.

Tang San could completely feel that this was only a single person emitting physical strength. Tang Hao didn't have internal strength, and even further he had not released some kind of spirit power. This was entirely the strength of the human body, and that chunk of previously red hot iron, still had completely caved in nearly a third from the smash, the deformation was extremely distinct.

"With the lower legs emitting strength, controlling the body's strength to successfully link it into a whole, is how to go all out."

Tang Hao passed the iron hammer into Tang San's hands,

"You do it."

"Ok."

Tang San hadn't thought that forging also had this kind of striking method. This simple method of emitting strength could not only be used for forging, it should also be able to be used for his Tang sect martial arts.

Both hands gripping the hammer handle, imitating Tang Hao's posture from before, Tang San's both eyes firmly fixed on the red hot iron chunk. Mysterious Heaven skill slowly working deep in his lower legs, both feet firmly gripping the ground.

Tang San shouted loudly, the physical power of the legs together with the Mysterious Heaven skill power burst from the lower legs, spreading in a flash, waist turning, through the back, across both shoulders, further into the arms. He distinctly felt as if his strength had become more powerful than ever before, that starting via the lower legs erupting up until the arms swinging the iron hammer, his body seemingly wanted to fly from this great force.

Dang~~~~~, the iron hammer accurately smashed down on the iron lump, emitting a loud sound.

Because of Tang San's whole body swinging the iron hammer both his feet left the ground, staggering forward a step. The iron hammer rebounded back up, and even though he had Mysterious Jade Hands, his hands certainly did not have any trouble, but both arms suffered a burst of tingling from the shock of the rebound.

Fortunately Mysterious Heaven skill worked without delay, and the tingling sensation gradually faded.

The result was obvious, despite Tang San's age. Adding on Mysterious Heaven skill, that this result was inferior to Tang Hao was clear, but compared to his previous hits, this effect was even more than could be made with ten before.

Seeing Tang San's movement, Tang Hao certainly did not give praise, but in his eyes flashed a trace of an astonished look. Tang San's work was clearly beyond what he had anticipated. Tang Hao did not expect Tang San to actually master this force emitting method in this short time.

He also did not know that Tang San had all along painstakingly cultivated Tang sect martial arts, not only having Mysterious Heaven skill foundation, but Controlling Crane Catching Dragon, Ghost Shadow Perplexing Track and additionally Mysterious Jade Hand, making his coordination ability by far surpass others his age. Since his understanding of the body also was not lacking, this strength emitting technique was naturally easy to grasp. Of course, since that was the first time, his wielding was still not skillful.

"Dad, did I do it right?"

Tang Hao slowly nodded,

"You understand the effect of the heart? Humans employ the most muscle precisely in calves, so the calves are the source of all strength. Use the power of the lower legs well, gathering strength to greatly increase effort."

While speaking, Tang Hao walked to the side of the bellows and sat down, and from under the bellows pulled out something forged from pig iron: two foot pedal like objects. Tang Hao held them to connect under the bellows, and used both his hands to draw the bellows closed,

"In forging, the effect of the bellows is also especially significant. Fully heated metal can be forged even better, and this can cause its toughness to become even stronger. Any block of metal, even if it is

very impure metal, it all also has its own soul. If the temperature is inadequate, and when forging if too much physical strength is used it will shatter. Like that, even if melted and reforged this chunk of metal is still only waste. Therefore, when you use all your strength to hammer an iron chunk, you must maintain its temperature well. Pumping bellows is similarly also using the power of the lower legs. Not only can you as far as possible preserve physical strength, you can also cause the bellows effect to reach the greatest temperature.”

Both feet pressing down on the pedals, he abruptly released his strength. Starting at the legs, the whole body rapidly bounced back, both arms naturally driving the bellows handles to open, legs straightening and bending, again bringing the handles back. Between coming and returning, the bellows operated at full strength. Tang Hao’s movements certainly did not appear swift, but every one brought into play the bellows to the utmost. The muscles on the calf lead down, and as his body with the bellows took on a particular kind of rhythm, flames suddenly leapt up from the centre of the furnace, the iron chunk at once burned a fierce red.

“You come draw the bellows, according to my movements just now.”

Tang Hao gave over his seat to Tang San.

Having previously experienced wielding the iron hammer and carefully observing, Tang San sat on Tang Hao’s previous seat, very quickly grasping the method to work the bellows, although still somewhat jerky. But he attentively noted that every time strength released, it started from the lower legs. Sure enough, as Tang Hao said, not only did he save very much of his physical strength, but the result as compared to before was also incomparably better.

Tang Hao held Tang San’s forging hammer, and coolly said:

“Using all your strength in wielding the hammer to forge can fully bring your physical strength into use. But equally, with the hammer’s descent, the force from the rebound can create a very great load on you. In the event of being without a suitable guiding method, it is easy to injure yourself, and it can also cause part of the physical strength to be wasted, unable to act on the metal. Following my

movement you must attentively observe, this is the key to whether you can beat this lump of pig iron into fist size in a short time.”

Inhaling deeply, Tang Hao’s eyes focused. Following Tang San’s working on the bellows, the whole iron lump already burned an intense red, blazing flames leapt up, causing the inside of the room to grow exceedingly scorching hot.

Part 5

As Tang Hao moved, his motion did not seem to be any different from before, from leg to waist, waist to back, back to arms, with a clanging sound the iron hammer pounded down on the iron chunk.

Just as the iron hammer bounced up from the reaction force, Tang Hao abruptly made a turn, with the lower legs emitting power as before. The rebound swing of the hammer already rising, he wielded it in a circle overhead, bringing a sharp sound of wind, and again came a loud sound as it struck iron chunk. Not only was the speed of this strike remarkable, but the physical force was also stronger compared to the first.

The iron hammer rebounded up high, and Tang Hao’s movement with the magnitude of the iron hammer’s rise seemingly attained a kind of perfect harmony. Not early not late, just in the split second the iron hammer reached its upward peak, his body drove the iron hammer in a full circle, to once again smash down.

Tang San’s eyes shone. This was unmistakably a method to leverage force, utilizing the rebound force from the impact between hammer and metal and converting it into downward force. The motion was perfectly coordinated in order to the greatest degree avoid being harmed from the rebound force, and instead transforming this physical force to especially add to the hit. Starting from the second strike, the physical force of every hit surpassed Tang Hao’s full strength, but was still under his control.

Tang Hao moved faster and faster, the forging hammer lashing down on the iron chunk like a violent storm, the iron chunk continuously

being deformed by the beats of the forging hammer. It was shocking, the precision of Tang Hao's strikes was unreal. Every time the iron chunk was hit it was reduced to half its former thickness, and when it started to become flat, the forging hammer in his hand would at once hit the iron chunk's edge, causing it to flip. Thus, the iron chunk was evenly enduring his hammer blows, and was not simply pounded into an iron flat cake.

In a flash, the hammer had already struck thirty six times, and Tang Hao's both hands drove the iron hammer to spin overhead successively in three circles. Not until the force of the hammer was dispersed, did he stand down the hammer. His face not red, breath not laboured, as if that previous mad storm of blows had not been produced by him at all.

The whole iron chunk, after just thirty six blows in the whole small circle, with the naked eye it was actually already hard to see any impurities within.

This just now was true blacksmith mastery, a beautiful hammer method.

"Understand?"

Tang Hao looked at Tang San who was unceasingly pumping the bellows.

Tang San thought, then said:

"Leverage the force, I understand the principle. Only, this seems to be not simple at all."

Tang Hao indifferently said:

"If you want to accomplish my kind of level, there is only one way: skill comes from practice. Furthermore, you must bear in mind, if you are striking a piece of common metal, then when it is the most impure, it is also most likely to shatter. At that time, when you beat it the physical force must be smaller, and as its impurities gradually decrease, your physical force can begin to gradually increase to maintain the effect of the strikes. This way of dynamic control is pivotal. You slowly practice by yourself, ok. Don't blindly increase

force and speed: accuracy is equally important. At least you must understand the hammer's descent, unless you can hit any place, what use is more physical strength?"

With the weight of the forging hammer returned into Tang San's hands, Tang Hao turned and left.

'Father did not go back on his word, he really taught his forging methods, and also, from father teaching his point of view on these things, any profession all have their own profound mysteries, they are all not so simple.'

In the next half months' time, Tang San everyday practiced the force borrowing hammer forging method Tang Hao taught him. Despite having Controlling Crane Catching Dragon to assist his strength control, and having Purple Demon Eye to determine the position of his hammer blows, this forging method was still more difficult to master than he could have imagined.

Since it was hitting with all his strength, using full strength was in itself very hard to control. Drawing strength from the rebound, and again controlling the body's balance in order to position the hammer blow was extremely difficult. With increasing hits, the required essential force control increased somewhat, and the body's unceasing rotation could not only cause a sense of dizziness, but at the same time the force of each falling strike also became even harder to control.

Fortunately, he had already been striking that chunk of iron for a very long time, so its impurities were already very few and it was not so easy to shatter. Otherwise he would not be able to control the weight of that forging hammer, and would probably already have smashed it to pieces.

But, in the middle of this practice course, Tang San's use of Mysterious Heaven Skill, as well as Controlling Crane Catching Dragon, Mysterious Jade Hands with Purple Demon Eye's coordination, all advanced unnoticed.

From the first day when he was only able to swing twice before starting to deviate in position, up until today half a month later, he

could already continuously swing seven times, accurately striking the iron chunk without error. The improvement was extremely obvious. At the same time, the iron chunk under his full strength beating became smaller and smaller; every day brought results.

Of course, this also had an inseparable connection with that lower leg force generating method. With this kind of force generating method, he could greatly reduce the consumption of the Mysterious Heaven Skill, enabling Tang San to have even more time to pump the bellows and forge.

Originally his father swung the hammer thirty six times, but also it would appear that he had surplus energy. He himself could only swing seven times, he didn't know when he could reach his father's level. Every time Tang San thought about this, he immediately had additional motivation to practice.

These days, as if he had forgotten about spirits and spirit rings, when cultivating Purple Demon Eye on the mountain top in the early morning, he also deeply thought about the problem of how to swing the hammer.

Three months' time passed very quickly, and just as Tang San could begin to wield the hammer thirteen times, Tang Hao began to instruct him on how to forge tools. Tang Hao's teaching method was very direct: exactly like before he would do it once, then let Tang San do it again, and as long as he saw some of the basics were learnt he did not interfere with his practice, never having many words of direction. Only at crucial parts, did he say a few words.

Precisely because of this, every time Tang Hao gave pointers, Tang San remembered it all the more clearly.

004 – Otherworldly Tang San's First Hidden Weapon

Part 1

Early morning, Tang San returned feeling refreshed from the mountaintop to make breakfast. Since he used Purple Demon Eye every day, and also unceasingly cultivated in the morning, Purple Demon Eye had already made significant progress compared to before. His eyesight was already capable of clearly seeing the minute motion of a mosquito flapping its wings within ten meters. If not for Mysterious Heaven skill being unable to break through the bottleneck, Tang San believed, his progress in other aspects would be even greater.

Forging a fifty square centimeter block of pig iron into fist size; that task which was seemingly impossible at first, had already been accomplished by Tang San as early as half a month ago. With the force leveraging method Tang Hao taught him, he was also capable of more than twenty four hammer swings, every swing with flawless precision, including control of force. Although all along Tang Hao never had any praise for him, but since his father once in a while unintentionally revealed it, Tang San knew that this hammer method also had some small accomplishment at last, and again thought it was still important to depend on unceasing practice.

At once entering the door, lightly touching his wrist, Tang San's face showed a trace of a satisfied smile; on his wrist was attached his first work since arriving in this world, and every step was completed by him on his own.

That was a spring loaded dart concealed in his sleeve. When speaking about Tang sect in the first place, the concealed dart is the most ordinary kind of hidden weapon. The key to manufacturing the concealed dart depends on the power of the mechanism as well as the degree of ingenuity of the design. Tang San's manufactured

sleeve dart was even equipped with a safety device, so no accidental injury was possible.

One set of sleeve darts was just like three arrows made to fit in a sleeve, even now it was without exception on Tang San's hand. The material for this sleeve dart had consumed exactly that chunk of pig iron he had hammered for nearly a hundred days.

Just as Tang San delivered the completed task to Tang Hao, when he held that fist sized chunk of completely forged pig iron, he was shocked to discover that the piece of pig iron that originally had contained numerous impurities had changed into a chunk of iron mother, genuine iron mother.

In his previous life, let alone him, even if it was Tang sect's best forging grandmaster, he could not accomplish this method to forge common pig iron into iron mother. But in this world it was reality. This in itself was an extremely inconceivable matter. This sleeve dart on Tang San's wrist was made from that chunk of iron mother. To completely manufacture the sleeve dart, including three ten centimetres small arrows inside, he used all the iron mother he had.

Speaking of forging, Tang San was no good; far inferior to Tang Hao. But when speaking about making clever hidden weapons, let alone Tang Hao, perhaps all of Douluo Continent did not have anyone who could compare to his Tang outer sect genius.

Ordinary sleeve darts had a range of fifteen metres or so, but the sleeve dart made by Tang San could maintain an effective attack range of over thirty metres.

What is called effective attack range, is exactly the sleeve dart emission distance in a straight line, it is also exactly the distance where the weapon is fully able to kill or wound.

Tang San's sleeve darts, even though only three, were made extremely ingeniously. On each sleeve dart were three blood grooves. If not because of the size being too small, he still thought to give the sleeve dart arrowheads barbs. The tail had four tiny fletchings that could cause the sleeve dart to fly extremely smoothly. The tapered arrowhead was spiral rifled, so that when the sleeve

dart was launched it possessed even stronger piercing power.

Making designs for hidden weapons, Tang San was always pursuing perfection; even though this was only a single ordinary sleeve dart, nothing more.

Tang San knew that he was still young right now; Mysterious Heaven skill also could not break through the bottleneck. Even if he was an ordinary person he could not say he was worried; only in case he encountered a spirit master like Su Yuntao who could use spirits would his strength be far from enough. But with this sleeve dart it was different, Tang San believed that depending on it, even if his actual strength was not more powerful than a spirit master, he had ways to deal with it all.

.....

【Tang sect Mysterious Heaven Treasure Record, general principles second point: what are hidden weapons: employed surreptitiously, a special martial weapon to vanquish the enemy and obtain victory. If the enemy knows you want to use it, like that, it is no longer a hidden weapon, rather an overt weapon.】

.....

Tang San of course could not let his hidden weapon become an overt weapon. Tang Hao also never bothered about what he used this chunk of iron mother for, therefore this sleeve dart was a secret that belonged to him alone.

Entering the house, the appetizing smell of congee wafted out, the same as he made every day, and had already long since become used to.

“Dad, come eat.”

Tang San called towards the inner room.

Unusually, the Tang Hao who appeared every day when he heard about food was nowhere to be seen today.

Tang San's heart at once tightened, was his dad ill? He hastily took

three steps and ran two steps towards his father's room.

Tang Hao wasn't in the room. In however many years, this was the first time he was not still sleeping in.

When Tang San was in the middle of thinking over where Tang Hao could have gone, Tang Hao returned.

"Little San, where on earth did you go this early in the morning?" Tang Hao coolly asked.

Tang San said:

"I went out for exercise. Every morning I go out for a run."

This did not count as a lie, he truly did go out to 'exercise'.

"Oh."

Tang Hao did not try to dig deeper, and coolly said:

"Today you won't practice forging again. Get your things ready, tomorrow old Jack will take you to Nuoding city."

Tang San was dumbfounded for a moment,

"Nuoding city? Why on earth there?"

The last time he had gone to Nuoding city was roughly a year ago. Old Jack went into town to do some shopping, and brought him along to let him experience it.

Tang Hao gave him a look, and said:

"Do you not want to study spirit master abilities? Old Jack can take you to Nuoding city's primary spirit master academy to become a working student. There you can study whatever you want."

Hearing his father's words, Tang San's pulse suddenly sped up, and he found it difficult to speak from the surprise and excitement he felt. Mysterious Heaven skill's inability to break through had all along been a puzzle that was his greatest preoccupation; a spirit master's spirit ring was clearly an opportunity.

“Dad, what changed your mind?”

Tang Hao returned with a question:

“Do you still want to go or not?”

Tang San said:

“But if I leave, nobody will make you food.”

By now he already understood the reason why his father had gotten up this early in the morning; unexpectedly, it had been to see village elder Jack.

Part 2

Tang Hao coldly said:

“Do I still need you to look after me? You just leave. This is your chosen path. Every year Holy Spirit village has a quota of one, do not waste it. I have handed over the forging methods to you, so you can look for work as an apprentice in a smithy in town. It should be enough to cover tuition and food expenses.”

Even though Tang Hao’s words were very indifferent, but the edges of Tang San’s eyes still felt hot. For who knows how many months, even though Tang Hao treated him in a manner that certainly never changed, but Tang Hao taught him forging; the tall wide ashen man before his eyes already gave him an increasingly paternal feeling. He of course wanted to go study the lore of spirit masters, but at this moment he somewhat hated to part with his father.

Tang Hao said:

“Letting you go to Nuoding comes with a condition. If you agree you may go.”

“I promise.”

Tang San spoke without the slightest hesitation.

Tang Hao’s brows wrinkled slightly,

“You will promise easily without even asking what I demand. As a man, promised matters must be done, do not become a person who promises lightly.”

Tang San spoke at ease:

“No matter what dad asks me to do, I will promise. Dad definitely acts for my good.”

Tang Hao was slightly panicked. Tang San spoke without thinking, but it was precisely that trust which caused his feelings to stir a little.

“From now on no matter how you cultivate your spirit power, I want you to promise, you must not let your hammer spirit absorb any spirit ring, so much so that you cannot let another person see it appear. Moreover, do not let other people know that you have twin spirits. Can you do this?”

Tang San was stunned for a moment, “That blue silver grass spirit then?”

Tang Hao said:

“The blue silver grass spirit you can use as you please, cultivating, exerting whatever spirit is also no problem. With twin spirits both spirits do not need to rely on spirit rings to promote spirit power to be able to cultivate. Provided you have one spirit that possesses a spirit ring, the spirit power promotion bottleneck will disappear.”

Tang San said:

“So in other words, from now on I only use blue silver grass spirit, right?”

Tang Hao nodded,

“Only if you encounter a life threatening situation. Otherwise, do not use that hammer.”

“Very well, I promise you.”

Tang San nodded solemnly. From his point of view, cultivating a spirit or not, using some spirit ring, it was all no problem, as long as he

could find the means to break through Mysterious Heaven skill's bottleneck.

To other people it seemed, perhaps blue silver grass was only a useless spirit, but Tang San had all along not become gloomy because of blue silver grass. Cultivating Tang sect hidden weapons to a certain level, 'when picking the fluttering flower the leaf can also hurt' were not some empty words, but simply truly existed. Blue silver grass was exactly Mysterious Heaven skill internal force condensed by means of spirit power. As long as the internal force was sufficient, there were practically limitless hidden weapons.

"Good, let's eat."

Tang Hao said.

In a home not much different from destitute, Tang San did not have anything at all good to prepare. Packing those clothes with various sized patches he had took only a moment to finish.

However, this day he did not listen to Tang Hao to only put things in order; forging sounds still resounded in his room. For the sake of being able to produce every kind of hidden weapon in the future, Tang San understood he could only depend on himself for everything. Though his father had passed on the forging technique it was definitely essential to put in more practice. When the hidden weapons unique skill was not cultivated to its pinnacle, the hidden weapons quality just had its own conclusive effect. Particularly for a kind of super hidden weapon like Buddha Fury Tang Lotus, an error in precision of more than an iota could not appear.

The passage of this one day seemed particularly endless. It was also the first time since Tang San arrived in this world that he felt ill at ease. Concerning the outside world, he had both expectations and some fear. Whether in Tang sect or in Holy Spirit village, he had never gone out to undergo experience and training. Regarding this point, he truly was no different from the children. All along he thought, after all what brilliance could the outside world produce?

After supper, Tang Hao left without a word to go out drinking, as if there was nothing different from the routine. He told Tang San not to

make noise and disturb his sleep when he went out for his morning run the next morning.

Early morning, Tang San sat atop a large rock on the summit of the hill. In his hand he picked up tree leaves, in his eyes a purple lustre. Not knowing whether it was because recently his body was more robust and strong compared to before, but Purple Demon Eye advanced very rapidly; the leaf in his hand, even if it was the smallest lines, he could distinctly observe them. He knew his Purple Demon Eye had already begun to enter the realm of the very finest details.

With nine distinct tiers to Mysterious Heaven skill, Purple Demon Eye only has four levels: Survey, Detailed, Mustard seed, Boundless. The requirement for Tang inner sect disciples is to enter Detailed, which is sufficient to use hidden weapons. Owing to Tang San's early cultivation, aided by not having completely dispersed inborn qi after being born, by the age of six years he already possessed a trace of detailed perception. But he also knew, of Tang inner sect disciples practically everyone's Purple Demon Eye could reach the detailed realm, but including sect master mister Tang Da, nobody could enter the next realm of Purple Demon Eye.

After reaching Detailed, Purple Demon Eye's cultivation became extremely slow, and there must be no interruption in daily assimilation of the eastern purple qi. That kind of persistence could not be explained in a few words. Therefore, just like Tang sect disciples after entering the detailed realm, there were also very few who would continue cultivating. In legend, Tang sect had an elder whose Purple Demon Eye reached the Mustard seed boundary, but also did not have any particular results. Only compared to the detailed realm he saw still a little more clearly, that is all. And that elder had already cultivated Purple Demon Eye for more than thirty years.

Mysterious Heaven skill welling forth, suddenly pouring into the tree leaves, the soft leaves immediately became perfectly straight. Tang San's index and middle finger jerked slightly, and the tree leaves spun out, splitting the air as they flew forth.

Part 3

Just one metre, the leaves only flew out to a one metre distance, then were already unable to maintain their rotating state when they stopped being hard. As it left Tang San's finger, Mysterious Heaven skill's inner strength effect naturally vanished.

"The effect is still too weak."

He could not help but shake his head. Tang San stood up, it was about time to return. Today was his departure from the village; he did not know when he would be able to come to this hilltop again.

Standing on tip toes, his lower legs emitting force, Tang San gave free rein to Ghost Shadow Perplexing Track, faced down the mountain and left.

The intimately familiar scent of congee wafted out. Before departing the village this was the very last time he cooked for his father, so Tang San naturally could not be lazy. Checking the firewood under the stove, adding some water to the congee, thus when his father later wakes up he can drink the hot congee.

Old Jack had already arrived. Perhaps because he wanted to leave for Nuoding city, today the clothes old Jack wore were especially new, making him look even more hale and hearty.

"Little San, let's leave. That idle bum of a father of yours can't get out of bed."

Old Jack called to Tang San.

Tang San made a silencing gesture in Jack's direction,

"Grandpa, please be quiet. Dad dislikes having his sleep disturbed the most."

While speaking, he took out a chunk of burnt out charcoal from the stove, and on the ground wrote several lines. He again turned his head towards his father's room, reluctant to part, and only then did he rise with a cloth bundle on his back and quietly left with Jack.

Regarding this world's written language, Tang San did not understand much. When the village's school taught the children characters, he once in a while went to see. After all he had a foundation from his former life, so he also grasped a little of the basic texts.

The door curtain lifted, and a large shadow came out from the room. In Tang Hao's eyes there was no trace of sleep. When he walked over to the doorway, he could still vaguely see old Jack and Tang San's frail body.

Tang Hao stood there and didn't move, even when Tang San and village elder Jack's backs had already completely disappeared, he still stood there blankly for a long time.

As if recalling something, Tang Hao abruptly turned back into the smithy, looking at the part of the ground Tang San set aside for his writing.

A few very simple words,

"Dad, I and Grandpa Jack left. You yourself must take good care of your body, drink less. Congee in the pot, don't forget to eat."

Gaze changing direction from the writing on the ground to the iron cooking pot to the side, Tang Hao briskly walked over and swept open the pot lid by one handle. With both hands he directly lifted the iron pot.

Thanks to Tang San just now adding water, the congee in the pot still had not been brought to a boil again, but Tang Hao regardless held the iron pot and poured it into his mouth, gulping swallows. In his eyes was a layer of hazy mist; he didn't realize how quickly time had passed.

Walking along the road, Tang San silently followed by old Jack's side, frequently turning his head back to look in the direction of the village.

"Little San, do you hate to part with the village or still hate to part with that drunkard old man of yours?"

Jack patted Tang San's head, and asked with a smile.

"A bit of both."

Tang San replied in a low voice.

Jack smiled slightly, and said:

"Compared to those however many good-for-nothing grandsons, you, my child are far more intelligent. It would be so good if you were my grandson. Tang Hao that drunkard truly is fortunate. Do not think too much; outside, heaven and earth are very vast. At the academy you can get to know very many friends. You can learn very many things. After you have become a spirit master, the country will grant a monthly stipend, and at that time your family will also be able to live well."

Tang San was after all a person who had gained a second life, listening to Jack's words, his mood already gradually recovered to normal, and in his heart was an unbearable thirst for the outside world. He asked:

"Grandpa Jack, can you tell me about the academy? What kind of place is it exactly?"

Jack smiled a bit, and said:

"The academy is of course a place to study. Although I never went, but for the most part I still understand. Our village has a quota to send one working student every year, but we have already for very many years not sent a working student to study. Working students still have very many favourable terms, exemption from tuition and accommodation fees; just paying for food yourself is sufficient. On the campus you can perform simple jobs in exchange for edibles. For example, sweeping classrooms and so on. Speaking overall, to a student who is working part time and studying at the academy it does not differ much from being free of charge. As for funding to study at the academy, it is not something we poor people can be able to bear."

Tang San said:

“Dad told me, after I finally arrive at the academy to find a smithy for work.”

“You? Doing manual work at a smithy? What joke is that? I see Tang Hao truly is insane.”

Old Jack said angrily,

“Just how old are you? You still do not have the height of a forging hammer. What smithy could accept you, this kind of apprentice? Not to mention, blacksmithing originally is not exactly accepted as a valued occupation, manual work also does not have much of an income. As long as you study properly at the academy, that is enough.”

“Only, come to think of it, if you are able to have some accomplishments to speak of at the academy, that drunkard father of yours should give you some of his little saved money. But afterwards the intermediate spirit master academy has no working student quota that indeed requires a lot of money to be able to study. A spirit master stipend alone is far from enough.”

Since Tang San had innate full spirit power, old Jack already saw him as a spirit master without doubt.

Tang San looked at Jack, unconvinced, and said:

“There is still an intermediate spirit master academy? And what is the difference compared to the elementary spirit master academy? Both are academies, they should both be teaching spirit master lore, right.”

Old Jack explained with great patience:

“Naturally there is not only one kind. The elementary spirit master academy teaches a few basic things, and additionally you can study some educational courses. They only accept children who have just awakened their spirits as students and the length of the schooling is six years, so by the time they are twelve, in the event they do not have any prospects to speak of, they also become ordinary spirit masters. But in the event that their latent talent is pretty good, the majority of people can opt to go to take advanced studies at the

intermediate spirit master academy, continuously studying until becoming eighteen years old. The intermediate spirit master academy teaches some advanced things, but the difficulty of the studies rises enormously. In case they are unable to reach the academy requirements, they will be unable to successfully graduate. This is different compared to the elementary spirit master academy.”

Part 4

Tang San said:

“Like elementary and intermediate, is there also an advanced?”

Old Jack nodded, his eyes revealing a somewhat admiring glint,

“You need not think about the advanced spirit master academy since that is not something that practically anyone can enter. In our Heaven Dou Empire, there are altogether only two advanced spirit master academies, and every year the number of students accepted number less than a hundred. That is indeed the cradle of a brilliant career. Even the nation’s spirit hall will strive to directly confer a noble title upon every student who graduates from an advanced spirit master academy.”

“Noble? There is such a good possibility.”

Tang San said, astonished.

Old Jack said:

“Of course. Spirit master is indeed the noblest vocation, and advanced spirit master even more so. But those are all talents. Therefore, to us common people who dream to have a meteoric rise, becoming an advanced spirit master is obviously the best shortcut. Only, coming from the ordinary common people, how many people have the ability to become such a great spirit master? Even if there were any, without the assistance of a distinguished clan it is very difficult to graduate from an advanced spirit master academy.”

“A graduation exam is its own matter, so why is the assistance of other people needed?”

Tang San was somewhat confused.

Old Jack heaved a sigh, and said:

“This is exactly the gap. The gap between poor people and wealthy people, between commoners and nobles. The elementary spirit master academy graduation requirements are very simple: as long as the spirit reaches the tenth rank, the teachers at the academy will guide you to obtain a spirit ring, and you can successfully advance your spirit master title. This certainly isn’t difficult; provided you have spirit power at the time of awakening, it is something children can do. It is said, advancing from spirit scholar to spirit master at tenth rank spirit power is the easiest promotion.”

“But at the intermediate spirit master academy it is different. To graduate from this place, the spirit must have reached the twentieth rank and furthermore obtain the second spirit ring to be able to attain the spirit grandmaster title. Tenth rank to twentieth rank, is something very many spirit masters are unable to achieve in their entire life. Also, after reaching the twentieth rank, to obtain the spirit ring they must depend on their own strength to hunt and kill a spirit beast and obtain a spirit ring. That is indeed extremely perilous. If they are descended from a noble family, and accompanied by family warriors, the danger is naturally much smaller. Spirit masters descended from common people like us can only depend on themselves.”

“The graduation requirements of an advanced spirit master academy are even more exacting. Only after passing the thirtieth rank bottleneck, and obtaining the third spirit ring, can the spirit grandmaster title be promoted to the spirit elder title. They say that one who surmounts the thirtieth rank threshold can be called a powerful great spirit master, a genuine noble. To also go beyond is certainly difficult. Also, at the thirtieth rank obtaining a spirit ring seems like it is not the only restriction. For the specifics, you should be able to learn when you reach the academy. At any rate, of those advanced spirit master academy students, the quantity who are still really able to graduate seems to be only a third.”

After listening to old Jack, Tang San had a basic understanding of

Douluo Continent's spirit masters.

"Grandpa Jack, didn't you say that there are ten spirit master titles? Advanced spirit master academy graduating students can be spirit elders, how can those later titles be obtained?"

Old Jack spoke with a wry smile:

"I know how. Those transcending the spirit elder title can all be called great personages, like the spirit saint that came from our village who at that time was supported directly by the country. I have heard people say that spirit master cultivation later on is exceedingly difficult, and also exceedingly dangerous. How many people possess the kind of genuine ability that can reach the top level of Title Douluo? You could even say that it is not known whether such people exist in both our Heaven Dou Empire and the Star Luo Empire right now."

Old Jack only had some simple understanding regarding spirit masters, nothing more. Hence his words were not detailed. Tang San understood that he could only search for this knowledge himself in the academy. In particular, about spirit beasts, spirit rings and such things.

From Holy Spirit village to Nuoding city was certainly not far; two people walking could reach it in half a day's time. Eating some simple travel rations halfway, by afternoon they could already see the city walls in the distance.

Even though Nuoding city was not counted as a large city, because it was very close to Heaven Dou Empire's border the city walls were still built thick. Tang San and old Jack were examined like all the other travellers when entering Nuoding city.

"Tang San ah! In a moment grandpa will take you to the academy and then return. When you are alone at the academy you must listen to your teachers, you must not leave the academy without permission. When the semester ends, Grandpa Jack will again come to meet you. That time will be almost at the New Year."

This was after all the first time Tang San left home. In his heart he

was somewhat flustered, and subconsciously said:

“Grandpa Jack, you are leaving this soon?”

Old Jack said with a wry smile:

“A hotel is not for us poor people to stay in. You must try to win credit. When grandpa sees you next time, I hope you will already have become a spirit master so that you can be the pride of our Holy Spirit village.”

Nuoding primary spirit master academy was located in west Nuoding city. Old Jack asked passersby for directions several times, and at long last Tang San was brought there.

Distantly, they could already see a large gate arch. The arch was twenty metres wide, and its height was over ten metres, made of solid rock. Below were two iron gates, jet black. Tang San saw they had been meticulously forged.

Through the iron bars, a winding path could be seen. A main road led directly inside, lined with trees on both sides.

In the middle of the arched gate were four large characters, “Nuoding Academy”.

Just from the gate it could be seen that on Douluo Continent, the vocation of spirit master was significant. This was still only a primary spirit master academy, nothing more.

Old Jack brought Tang San walking up to the front gate, and they were immediately stopped by the young gatekeeper,

“What on earth? Is this a place where you country bumpkins can enter?”

Old Jack’s apparel counted as bright and new in Holy Spirit village, but arriving in Nuoding city, it completely had the appearance of a country bumpkin. The gatekeeper had in his eyes a somewhat disdainful look.

Part 5

Old Jack said with an apologetic smile:

“This? Little brother, we have come from Holy Spirit village. This child is our village’s working student for this year, you see. We need to go through.”

The gatekeeper frowned, and somewhat queerly said:

“So a grass nest can still produce a golden phoenix? A tiny village also has people with spirit power? But the academy has not had a working student for a good many years. You cannot fake it.”

A trace of anger flashed in old Jack’s eyes, but he still swallowed the insult and held out the certificate written by that spirit hall attendant Su Yuntao, handing it to the gatekeeper.

The gatekeeper took the proffered certificate, and looked it over from top to bottom,

“Spirit is blue silver grass? But still innate full spirit power? Ridiculous, this really is the biggest joke in the world. I have worked as gatekeeper at the academy for four years, and still haven’t heard of a student with innate full spirit power. This boy’s spirit is blue silver grass, and can still have full spirit power? I think this spirit hall certificate is definitely a forgery.”

“You.....”

Even if Jack had a better temperament, at this moment he was already unable to restrain himself.

“You are intentionally making things difficult. Very well, you wait and see. I’ll go find a lord spirit hall attendant. Little san, we’re leaving.”

Saying this, Jack brought Tang San around and left in the direction of the inner city wall.

Spirit hall certificates naturally could not be faked, which that gatekeeper well knew. However, people coming to deliver new students generally would leave a little appreciation, especially

common families. What is called 'better King Yama, than an unreasonable little devil', just this principle.

Old Jack was descended from a country village and even though he was a village elder, where could he learn these ways?

The gatekeeper in his heart was somewhat uneasy. If a person from spirit hall truly came, he could bear the responsibility. Of course, he believed that there was no way a spirit hall person would come to ask questions for the sake of these two hicks.

With his heart gloomy, the words from his mouth naturally did not sound good.

"What Holy Spirit village, I think Beggar village should also be similar."

"What did you say?"

Old Jack fiercely turned around. The gatekeeper's words could be said to have struck at his heart's biggest pride; originally this was the reason he fell out with Tang Hao. That this gatekeeper right now was an outsider from the village, made him even more intolerable. Walking back several steps he glared at the gatekeeper.

The gatekeeper jumped in fright due to fierce old Jack, and could not help but retreat a step. However he very quickly reacted and came over, in his heart secretly cursing himself: Wasn't that an old man? What did he have to fear?

"What? Not convinced ah, I said you came from beggar village. What's wrong? You look at this little destitute spirit, all the clothes are completely patched. I think, you are still looking for a place to go begging, right? Our Nuoding academy is not a charity. Quickly beat it, quickly beat it."

While speaking, the gatekeeper lifted his left hand and shoved Jack's chest, about to drive the two people away.

Just when old Jack was about to have a heart attack from fury, suddenly, between the two people was a thin and small figure. Similarly with the left arm raised, that delicate little hand barely

managed to reach the gatekeeper's hand, left hand exerting to the right, and at once pushed away the gatekeeper's left hand. Simultaneously, that thin and small figure's right foot took a quick step forward, the sole just happening to step behind the gatekeeper's left foot, while lifting the right hand, and with the left hand together pressing that gatekeeper's hand down.

Originally this palm strike was about to hit the other party's left elbow, causing him to be unable to emit strength, but due to the difference in size, it therefore could only hold the gatekeeper's wrist. His motion extremely fast, body at the same time moving forward, both hands swinging the gatekeeper's left hand while pushing forward. Just right to push the gatekeeper's lower abdomen.

Behind the gatekeeper's left foot was just another foot, and even though that foot was far from big, it was already enough to accomplish the proper effect. The lower belly received the force, the foot below stirred, and with just an ordinary sound, the gatekeeper already sat on the ground.

"Little San, you....."

Jack looked dumbstruck at the person in front of him blocking his body.

The one who displayed his skill was precisely Tang San. The form he used was not even Tang sect secret lore, originally in that world it was only martial arts' simplest form Full Moon Pushing the Window. Of course, with his body's stature, naturally it would be out of shape. Not only was he unable to reach the opponent's elbow, the hand that originally should push the opponent's chest pushed at the lower abdomen. Though of course, the result was the same.

Although Tang San's person was not big, his physical strength was absolutely not small. After these however many months of swinging the hammer, even if he did not use Mysterious Heaven skill, he could still tip over the gatekeeper.

"Stinking brat, you're looking to die."

To lose face by being toppled by a child made the gatekeeper

violently furious. Scrambling up off the ground he was about to charge into Tang San.

“Alright, stay your hands, ok.”

Just then, a rather hoarse sounding voice rose, stopping the gatekeeper’s movement.

The gatekeeper was at first dazed for a moment, then immediately following, the anger across his entire face suddenly transformed into fawning. The change was so quick, it was hard to imagine. Bowing and scraping towards the speaker he said:

“Grandmaster, you have returned.”

Tang San turned his head to look: an average of figure, somewhat thin looking man had at some point already come to their side. It would seem, this person appearing forty to fifty years old, with short black hair with three seven separation, very ordinary looks, both hands held behind his back. His body possessed a kind of peculiar manner, with both eyes half open he seemed a bit sluggish and dispirited.

‘Grandmaster’ only glanced at the gatekeeper, without taking any notice of him, saying towards old Jack:

“Old gentleman, is it possible for me to have a look at the spirit hall certificate?”

Old Jack after all was a village elder and could still read a person’s mood. From the gatekeeper’s expression he could see that this middle aged person absolutely was not ranked low at this academy, and even more held the title of grandmaster there.

The grandmaster looked over the certificate, his gaze again shifting to Tang San, measuring him up and down. For some reason, although the grandmaster’s gaze certainly was not sharp, Tang San had a feeling as if it saw through him completely.

“There is nothing wrong with the certificate, old gentleman, for this matter just now let me apologize on behalf of the academy. Deliver this child to me, ok.”

005 – Grandmaster? Teacher?

When a spirit master level personage apologized towards him, old Jack's vanity received an enormous boost, and he hastily shook both hands, saying:

"Don't apologize, don't apologize. We are also in the wrong. Grandmaster, I will trouble you with this child. Tang San, you follow Grandmaster inside ok, but you must be obedient."

Tang San nodded, but did not open his mouth.

Earlier, when this Grandmaster before him stopped the gatekeeper from charging at him, his left hand was already lifted, and for insurance, a sleeve dart was already readied. If this Grandmaster before him had spoken a step later, perhaps that gatekeeper's throat could have received a short arrow.

【Tang Sect Mysterious Heaven Treasure Records, general principles, third item: Determine whether the opponent is an enemy. If they are, then aim to kill. If not then show mercy, otherwise you shall only increase your worries.】

To Tang San it seemed that the gatekeeper moving towards Jack was trying to strike an old man. In addition to his unkindness, this in itself was already enough to aim to kill. At the same time, he was also absolutely certain that including old Jack there was nobody who could detect him using that sleeve dart. Without evidence, who could say that he killed? Tang sect's silent sleeve dart shot so extremely fast, it would only leave a shadow, and how could the doorkeeper have dodged with those trash capabilities?.

Not until after old Jack warned Tang San several more times did he leave.

Grandmaster coldly glanced at that gatekeeper,

"This is the first time, and also is the last time. If there is a repeat offense, you need not remain here."

His hoarse voice was calm, but gave a feeling that made it impossible to refute.

The gatekeeper's back broke out in cold sweat, and he hurriedly repeatedly echoed agreement and got out of the way to the side.

Grandmaster lowered his head to look at Tang San, on his face emerged a slight smile. As if his facial muscles were stiff, the smile had an appearance that most people would not dare compliment. Dragging Tang San's hand, he said:

"We're entering."

Grandmaster's hand was soft and dry, its grip very comfortable, imperceptibly bringing Tang San a kind of sense of trust. Following him, Tang San finally entered this academy.

"Teacher, thank you."

Tang San said to Grandmaster.

"Teacher? I am not an academy teacher."

Grandmaster turned his head to glance at Tang San, speaking coolly.

"Not a teacher? Just now did you not speak on behalf of the academy?"

Grandmaster shook his head, all along today he had been nothing but exceptionally patient, and again squeezed out a trace of that unsightly smiling expression,

"Who said one must be an academy teacher to represent the academy?"

Tang San said with sudden realization:

"I understand. You are an academy principal, or a leader, right?."

Grandmaster could not help laughing, and said:

"For a six year old child, you are very clever. However, you still guessed wrong."

Tang San uncertainly said:

“Then you are?”

Grandmaster said:

“I am only a freeloading tenant at this place, that’s all. You and the others alike called me Grandmaster, right. Everyone address me like this. Even to the extent that I have already forgotten my name. On the spirit hall certificate was written that you are called Tang San, right. Tang San, you must understand, the meanings of grandmaster and teacher are entirely different, and hereafter must not address me incorrectly. Unless.....”

Saying this, his words slowed, in his eyes glimmered a burning light,

“Unless you are genuinely willing to make me your teacher.”

“You want to teach me spirit cultivation?”

Tang San asked.

Grandmaster halted his steps, standing calmly ,facing Tang San.

“Are you willing to do that?”

Tang San naturally also stopped, raising his head to look at Grandmaster before him, now observing at close range. Again looking him over from down to up, he discovered Grandmaster’s mouth was a little large, and his lips also very thick. He didn’t open his mouth, both unable to answer, and also unable to not answer.

Grandmaster saw Tang San’s both eyes staring at him blankly, and that stiff smiling expression once again emerged,

“Good, you really are a clever child.”

Not speaking had a second meaning. First not being impatient to refuse, so as not to offend Grandmaster. Second to use this action to inquire from Grandmaster, ‘why must I acknowledge you as master?’

Grandmaster, resembling old Jack, raised his hand to tousle Tang San’s head.

“Naturally gifted, and also this clever. It seems even I must persistently try again. How should I say this? You also have the third twin spirit in these last hundred years.”

Hearing grandmaster's words, Tang San was greatly startled. His gaze looking at Grandmaster suddenly changed. He already quietly lifted his left wrist, a surprised unpredictable look appearing in his eyes.

Grandmaster calmly and in an easygoing way looked at him. Smiling, he said:

“Don't you want to know how I could know so quickly that you have twin spirits?”

Speaking, he flicked open the certificate in his hand that old Jack gave him,

“It is precisely because of this certificate. Perhaps another person looking could not find the flaw, but if I also could not see it, then I could not be called Grandmaster.”

“I have investigated six hundred forty seven people with blue silver grass spirits. Among them were sixteen with spirit power, so the odds are less than three in a hundred. And even these sixteen people possessing spirit power did not have spirit power ability exceeding the first rank, and yet your innate full spirit power is of the tenth rank. According to my research in the first of the ten great core spirit competencies, innate spirit power size is in direct ratio with the quality of the spirit. Blue silver grass is obviously unable to measure up, therefore I can conclude that you should still have another spirit, and also that it is an extraordinarily powerful spirit.”

The expression in Tang San's eyes gradually calmed down, and he argued:

“Everything has exceptions, why couldn't I be a special case?”

Grandmaster nodded seriously, and said:

“That's right, everything has exceptions, but your spirit is blue silver grass, therefore you clearly are not that exception. In the last

hundred years in Heaven Dou Empire and Star Luo Empire, although twin spirits have only appeared twice, innate full spirit power has appeared nineteen times. I have carefully studied each of those spirits, and not one wasn't formidable. The youngest one has now already reached the spirit grandmaster level. Other than fourteen who inherited formidable spirits from clan blood lineage, there were five exceptions."

Part 2

"They did not come from a privileged background, but also possessed innate full spirit power. And this kind of unexpected existence is exactly what is called variant spirits. On the basis of my many years of research in variant spirits, never has any kind of spirit with blue silver grass spirit produced a variation. And your blue silver grass spirit is also an ordinary blue silver grass, therefore, I can be completely confident that my judgment is correct."

"Variant spirits, what is that?"

Tang San asked.

Grandmaster patiently explained:

"I earlier mentioned the issues of how spirits are inherited. A person's spirit has a direct relationship with their parents' spirits, and under normal circumstances the spirit is inherited from either the father or mother's side. This is family pattern spirit inheritance. Among them are a few exceptions and these are what are called variation spirits. Same as the source parent's spirit, but because there is a certain variation between the father and mother's spirits, inheritance of one or the other spirits can produce a variation, bringing about a new kind of spirit. Variant spirits can have formidable variations, and even appear with innate full spirit power. But the overwhelming majority of variant spirits only become small and weak. Variant spirits are like the result of inbreeding: the possibility of retardation is very big, but there is also the possibility of producing an exceptional sage."

Tang San nodded, and suddenly moved back a step, opening up the distance between him and Grandmaster. Immediately after, he fell to his knees, and respectfully kowtowed three times towards Grandmaster.

This time, it was Grandmaster's turn to be dumbfounded,

"What are you doing?"

"Teacher."

Tang San respectfully called,

"Please accept me as a student."

Grandmaster smiled a very satisfied smile, stooping to pull Tang San back up,

"Muddleheaded boy, why kowtow to formally become a pupil, don't you know this is only courtesy when acknowledging the emperor and parents? You need only to bow for this."

Douluo Continent customs are of course not the same as circumstances in Tang San's first life, but Tang San certainly did not think his courtesy was too much, and solemnly said:

"A teacher for a day is a father for life. You should receive my kowtow."

Tang sect's teachings regarding courtesy were extremely severe. Having received that kind of education when he originally grew up, it had been branded deeply into the core of Tang San's heart a long time ago.

Grandmaster was moved and looked at Tang San,

"Teacher for a day, father for life, good, good, it appears that as expected, I have not chosen incorrectly."

What is called 'one tiny clue reveals the general trend' is that the details determine success or failure. Even though this pair of master and apprentice had not met for long, but Grandmaster already had no small understanding of this child before his eyes.

“Let’s go, I will bring you to report to the dean’s office.”

Grandmaster again dragged Tang San’s hand. His originally dry big hands were faintly perspiring because of excitement.

Nuoding primary spirit master academy was not as big as it appeared outside, and was mainly divided into a few areas: the main school building, a sports ground and a dormitory to the east of the sports ground.

Even though it was only an elementary spirit master academy, this place’s requirements towards students were extremely strict; even if the home was near the academy, students must still live in the academy under a unified regime.

At the dean’s office on the main school building’s first floor was a sixty year old teacher who was in charge of dealing with new students and two additional teachers in their thirties who assisted him.

Grandmaster placed the certificate he held on the desk, and said towards that elderly teacher:

“Director Su, this is this year’s working student delivered by Holy Spirit village, I will trouble you to help him register at once.”

Director Su, his face covered by a smile, said:

“Why Grandmaster, you have come, a rare visitor, ah! Please have a seat.”

Grandmaster shook his head, and said towards Tang San:

“You enroll here on your own, these several teachers can tell you what to do. I’ll leave first, I will go find you later.”

Tang San nodded, and respectfully said:

“Goodbye teacher.”

Grandmaster revealed a smile, stroked his head, then turned and left.

Hearing how Tang San addressed Grandmaster, director Su

appeared very interested,

“Lad, you called Grandmaster teacher? He is not our academy’s teacher.”

Tang San said:

“But he is my teacher.”

Director Su stared blankly,

“You acknowledged Grandmaster as your teacher?”

His expression was somewhat queer, a kind of expression as if holding back laughter.

Tang San Said:

“Is something wrong, teacher?.”

Director Su repeatedly shook his head and said smilingly:

“Not at all, not at all. I did not think Grandmaster also could accept disciples. Only, you are still originally an academy student, and hereafter must comply equally with the academy’s system of regulations, you understand?”

Tang San nodded.

The two teachers to the side of director Su did not have as much self-restraint as him. One of them grabbed the spirit hall certificate for a look. Smiling, he said,

“Tang San, right. As an academy teacher, I must instruct you at once. A master cannot be acknowledged casually. Any spirit master, not to mention denying academy graduation, also can only acknowledge a spirit master, otherwise one cannot be accepted by the common people. Do you really believe Grandmaster is quite suitable? Oh, you have innate full spirit power. What a pity, the spirit is blue silver grass.”

Looking at the words innate full spirit power on the certificate, the faces of all the teachers present displayed astonishment, but blue silver grass caused their awe to turn into pity.

Tang San looked somewhat baffled at the three teachers facing him,
“Is there something inappropriate?”

Director Su glared at the younger teachers beside him, and said:

“Even if Grandmaster has a somewhat eccentric disposition, but from a certain point of view, with respect to spirits he is nevertheless an ‘unequalled’ existence. Even if your spirit is blue silver grass, acknowledging him as master is of no concern. Well, that’s how it is. These are your things, provided for free by the academy. You live at the dormitory, room seven. The teacher responsible there can arrange your work as a working student. Go.”

“Thank you, sir.”

Taking the things director Su handed over, Tang San after making his courtesies turned and left the administration office.

What Director Su gave him was a standard Nuoding primary spirit master academy uniform, white ,texture looking very neat. Just now when leaving the administration office, Tang San vaguely heard from inside the office the words spoken by those younger teachers.

Part 3

“Grandmaster really is ‘unequalled’, only, unequalled in theory. Of course, he still must put those theories to actual work. Director, I still remember Grandmaster had some ten great core spirit competences theory, right. That was simply too ridiculous.”

“Enough, Grandmaster is the dean’s friend. You must not make such presumptuous evaluations. Although there is no proof his theory is correct, but no one has proved his theory wrong. In the spirit world, Grandmaster is indeed a brilliant and famous person.”

“Incorrect, director, a brilliant and famous clown should be correct. Everyone just acts if he is a joke, nothing more.”

Hearing the sound of the conversation inside, Tang San’s footsteps only halted for a moment, then he proceeded to leave. The corners

of his mouth exuded a trace of disdain; of course it was not directed at his just acknowledged master, rather at the three teachers in the administration office.

From barely a simple certificate he could see that he had twin spirits, and further conclude that his other spirit was a formidable one, could that only be a joke?

Theory unequalled? Right now his biggest necessity was theory. A master's physical strength could not be passed on to the disciple - what was passed down was knowledge. Those people did not understand even this much, even though they were academy teachers.

There was only one dormitory building, easily found, where academy students and teachers all lived. Just like what old Jack said, those who could become spirit masters were very few, and it was especially so in a remote city like Nuoding. The amount of students and teachers were certainly not many, and a single dormitory building could already bear the burden.

The student dormitory altogether only had seven rooms. Because the elementary spirit master academy students were all comparatively young, in order to better supervise them together every year's students lived together in a big dormitory room. Each year's Nuoding primary spirit master academy students were only approximately forty people.

The dormitory building's lower three floors held seven big student dorm rooms, and every dorm room had a teacher in charge.

Room seven among these seven student dorm rooms was a comparatively unusual place. The circumstances were also the most different: it was a place especially for working students. After all, the academy was not a charity and even though the tuition for working students was lowered, the treatment could not be as good as that of ordinary students.

Room seven was also the only mixed age dormitory, so no matter what grade, all working students lived here.

Just when Tang San reached the door of room seven he could hear loud noises from inside. The door was open, so he walked up and looked inside.

This was an expansive room, in excess of three hundred square metres. Inside altogether fifty beds were lined up, but only the beds: only eleven had bedding. Right now, inside there were seven or eight to twelve year old students making a ruckus.

Tang San knocked on the door, and the children arguing inside immediately turned their gazes in that direction. Among them an older comparatively large kid looked at Tang San in clothing covered with patches, then walked towards him.

This kid compared to Tang San was nearly two heads taller, and this kid's body could be regarded as comparatively tall and sturdy for his age. Walking up in front of Tang San, he somewhat towered above him and said:

"A newly arrived working student?"

On Tang San's face was a slight good intentioned smile,

"Hello, I am a working student from Holy Spirit village."

"I am called Wang Sheng, my spirit is a future war tiger battle spirit. Also the head of this place. Boy, what's your name? What's your spirit?"

"I'm Tang San, spirit is blue silver grass."

"Blue silver grass spirit? Since when could a blue silver grass spirit cultivate?"

Wang Sheng appeared absolutely startled, the kids in the dormitory all broke out in raucous laughter, looking at Tang San as if he was an idiot.

Tang San was still smiling,

"Please let me by, ok?"

Wang Sheng did not comprehend Tang San's words,

“Little Third, I’m the boss here, hereafter you listen to me, got it?”

The smile on Tang San’s face gradually disappeared,

“My name is Tang San, not little Third.”

If the seniors called him little San he would not take it to heart, or if it was a good intentioned form of address it was also no matter, but the so called boss before his eyes obviously meant it to be a show of strength towards him.

Wang Sheng raised his hands to push at Tang San’s shoulders, pushing him back several steps,

“I’m calling you little Third, so what? Not satisfied?”

Tang San smiled, lightly shaking his head, placing the school uniform in his hands on a bed to the side, while Wang Sheng was somewhat bewildered at whatever for. Suddenly, Tang San vanished from in front of him.

The other students clearly saw Tang San take an extremely fast step, and unexpectedly already arrived at Wang Sheng’s back. Without turning his head, his right arm curved up, a single elbow strike at Wang Sheng’s waist, meanwhile, his right foot also happened to be by Wang Sheng’s right foot.

Wang Sheng could not even react. He had already completely tumbled out, bouncing through the open dormitory door. Fortunately the strength of his footwork was not bad, and unexpectedly he had not fallen down, otherwise he would have fallen flat on his face.

“Stinking brat, you dare strike me?”

Wang Sheng, indignant, pounced at Tang San in a wink like a fierce tiger.

Tang San had hoped that on coming to live at the academy he would not encounter too many troubles, or at least live normally without disturbances. However, he certainly thought he should give this ‘boss’ before him a little lesson. What is called ‘killing the chicken to warn the monkey’.

Looking on passively as Wang Sheng pounced, aiming one punch at the pit of his stomach, Tang San did not retreat and conversely advanced, taking a step to meet Wang Sheng. His step was just enough to put him in front of Wang Sheng, at the same time stretching out his left hand, the right hand following along. Completing a simple yet effective motion.

Wang Sheng only felt as if his waving right fist was pulled by an exceptional force, and the circumstances unexpectedly changed. Meanwhile a great force came from Tang San's right hand, the foot below again just enough to trip him, a body immediately flying out a second time. This time the balance could not be grasped so well. Tang San's both hands simple motions already made use of Tang sect secret lore Controlling Crane Catching Dragon skill, taking advantage of Wang Sheng's own physical strength, in addition to his own physical strength. Wang Sheng immediately fell to the ground with a thump.

Part 4

If the first time could be called fortunate, then the second time Wang Sheng fell out was clearly not that easy. The expression in the eyes of the other children looking at Tang San suddenly changed a bit.

A sound that distinctly should not appear in a child's mouth rose from Wang Sheng's throat as a muffled roar, and it could faintly be seen that his body emitted a layer of pale yellow light. The body on the ground pounced and shot up in a flash; whether speed or strength, they clearly could not be compared to before.

Spirit. He employed the spirit's strength. This thought flashed through Tang San's mind like a lightning bolt.

However, what spirit was that again?

Seeing that Wang Sheng grabbed at his shoulders with both hands, Tang San similarly raised both his hands, equally taking the shape of a claw and receiving Wang Sheng's hands. Both feet with toes simultaneously facing in, knees slightly bent, taking a clamping goat

standard horse stance.

Four hands connected. If a moment ago could be called using skill, then that completely transformed into a contest of physical strength in front of their eyes. Two pairs of hands not alike in size already grabbed together.

Wang Sheng was clearly already infuriated by Tang San, his face revealing a trace of savagery. Right now he employed his spirit war tiger's strength, and although he knew he could not really injure Tang San, he at least wanted to rely on his physical strength to push this little devil to the ground for making him lose face.

Tiger claw emitting force, Wang Sheng believed he was completely justified. Relying on the power from his previous five years as a student, overwhelming this brat before him should be an easy matter.

But, was it truly like that?

Though Tang San was thin and small, he could continuously swing the forging hammer every day nearly a thousand times. How could his physical strength be ordinary?

At the same time as Wang Sheng was emitting force, he could distinctly feel that both those hands, clearly smaller than his, were unexpectedly as solid as steel. Almost in a split second, physical strength obtained an overwhelming victory. Both Tang San's thumbs simultaneously used their strength. Wang Sheng only felt a peal of numbness between the thumb and index finger as his spirit strength was completely neutralized by the other side. Immediately afterward Tang San pulled his hands in a backward leap.

Wang Sheng pounced from overhead to begin with. Tang San's leap backwards immediately caused him to lose his balance. He watched helplessly as Tang San's knee emerged in front of his face, in his heart immediately loudly crying in alarm.

Tang San's knee was approaching his nose. Wang Sheng knew, even if discounting Tang San's physical strength, just his own body weight smashing down like this probably couldn't protect his nasal

bone. In this split second, in his heart he couldn't help but feel somewhat regretful.

But when he was about to maul his opponent, Tang San's both hands abruptly slackened, and the physical strength with which he held Wang Sheng naturally disappeared. Furthermore, the bent right knee completely opened up, turning into a kick with the right foot's instep at the pit of Wang Sheng's stomach.

This snap kick, though the motion is not long, the instantaneous burst of power is certainly not weak; even if Tang San put more strength into the kick, this would still be the case.

The dormitory students could only stare as Wang Sheng's body uncontrollably performed an extremely difficult backflip in the air, and with a peng sound, landed on the ground with his whole body already prostrate on his stomach.

Although Tang sect was famous for its hidden weapons, in truth, Tang sect's grappling was also extremely fierce; only, it was concealed by the excessively dazzling halo of the hidden weapons, that's all. Controlling Crane Capturing Dragon was not only a carrying strength method, but at the same time a kind of extraordinarily potent grappling technique. Among them were some extremely diabolical muscle splitting, bone displacing techniques. Of course, Tang San could not use those under these kinds of circumstances.

This time, Wang Sheng did not fall so lightly, and he struggled for a long time to clamber off the ground. Looking at Tang San the expression in his eyes already became fearful and angry simultaneously. No matter what he said, he was only a twelve year old boy; when facing a person even more powerful than him, fear still was much stronger than impulse.

Tang San picked up his school uniform,

"Now can you step aside?"

Staring at Tang San walking towards him, Wang Sheng subconsciously got out of his way. Tang San found a bed not far

from the doorway and put his school uniform on it.

“Little-, oh, no, Tang San, was what you used just now a spirit ability?”

Wang Sheng asked a probing question.

“Spirit ability?”

This was not the first time Tang San had heard this term,

“What is a spirit ability?”

Wang Sheng scratched his head, saying:

“Precisely relying on a technique used with the spirit. Only, is your spirit really blue silver grass?”

Raising his right hand, cold blue light gushing out from the palm, Tang San showed the dormitory students he certainly didn't lie.

Hearing the two words spirit ability, the other students although awed by Tang San's ferocity, still began to gather around,

“Was that really a spirit ability? So ferocious, even Wang Sheng dage was no match.”

Tang San shook his head,

“That was no spirit ability, only a kind of fighting technique, that's all. Don't we have bedding here?”

A student at worst a few years older than Tang San had a gloomy expression in his eyes,

“We're just working students, originally exempt from tuition fee, where would bedding come from ah! We all brought these from home. Otherwise, you could use mine for now, right.”

Tang San shook his hand and said:

“No need, thanks. I can do on my own.”

Wang Sheng walked up in front of Tang San,

“Why did you show mercy just now?”

He had studied at Nuoding primary spirit master academy for five years. If Tang San stopped his knee and changed to a kick to avoid serious injury then he could not understand why.

Tang San indifferently said:

“We are fellow students, not personal enemies.”

A complex light flashed through Wang Sheng’s eyes,

“I’m sorry for just now. Every working student arriving here must face this. Us working students are looked down on by the other students to begin with, so we have to unite. We only hope you, this newcomer can join with us.....”

Tang San smiled, and said:

“Therefore, you wanted to give me a show of strength?”

Wang Sheng’s face blushed, showing a rather simple and honest smiling expression,

“It was you who gave us a show of strength in return. However, you truly are ferocious. You should only just be six years old, right.”

Tang San nodded.

006 – I'm Xiao Wu, Wu of dancing

Part 1

Wang Sheng pulled back a student in front of the bed, and impolitely sat down by Tang San's side.

"Tang San, you beat me, therefore you are now room seven's boss."

Tang San hurriedly shook his hands, and said:

"I've come to study."

Wang Sheng sternly said:

"These are the rules, the strongest fist is the boss. You think being boss is good? I'm not being humble with you. Look."

Speaking, he pulled back the two sleeves of his school uniform.

Tang San was shocked at what he saw: on his both arms were no less than seven or eight blue-green and purple bruises.

Wang Sheng said with a wry smile:

"This is just since arriving yesterday. Us working students all come from poor households, so the other dormitory students constantly bully us from room seven. The acting dormitory boss must stand up for the younger brothers. I earnestly wish to pass on this duty to you."

The other students all nodded, looking at Tang San, faces showing a faint hopeful light.

A sense of justice is basically a key element to a travelling knight. Protecting the weak is naturally included; Tang San received frequent education on this subject during his years at Tang sect. Having heard what was said he could not decline again.

"Fine then. I can't watch fellow dormitory students be bullied."

At this time, a clear and melodious voice came from outside,

“Is this room seven?”

Everybody looked in the direction of the door, eyes immediately staring somewhat.

They caught sight of a pretty, very young girl standing in the door, seemingly about the same age as Tang San, height also practically the same. With a pretty little rosy face, and fair and soft appearance resembling a completely ripe honey peach, giving people an urge to bite off a mouthful. Although her clothing was very plain, it still looked very neat.

Black long hair combed into a scorpion braid hanging past her buttocks. A pair of bright and intelligent eyes appearing full of curiosity. Both her hands carried a covered brand new school uniform.

All the students in the dormitory were boys, and seeing this kind of beautiful young girl suddenly appear, each and every one showed a gaping appearance.

Tang San could not help asking Wang Sheng in a low voice:

“We boys and girls live together here?”

Wang Sheng nodded, and in an equally low voice said:

“All of us are still children so all the school dormitories do not separate genders. They say intermediate spirit master academies start making the distinction. It's really strange; last year there wasn't even one working student, this year there are two. Boss, go, give her a show of strength.”

“Eh....., there's no need.”

Tang San had not expected that for the sake of becoming the so called room seven boss, he would immediately run into a difficult problem. Going to bully a girl, he really could not do this.

The girl in the doorway blinked with her big eyes. Seeing that nobody inside paid attention to her, she again raised her head to

take a look at the room seven sign plate on the door, and on her face appeared a happy smile.

“Hello everyone, I’m called Xiao Wu, Wu of dancing.”

Wang Sheng pushed Tang San from behind, hinting that he could not destroy the dormitory customs.

Tang San had no choice. He obliged, stood up and walked in the direction of the girl.

“Hello, I’m Tang San. I’m-, I’m this place’s-.....”

He truly could not say the word boss, but had a thought,

“I’m this place’s room senior, you called my name on the line. May I ask, what is your spirit?”

Xiao Wu blinked, and said with a smile:

“My spirit is rabbit. A very lovely sort of little white rabbit. Yours?”

When she smiled up, her face showed two lovely little dimples, indescribably touching.

Tang San said:

“Then you really aren’t like me, my spirit is your spirit’s food. Blue silver grass.”

Having always been without experience with girls, as even originally at Tang sect he was only engrossed in hidden weapons every day, right now he was unexpectedly rather nervous.

Xiao Wu gave a puff of laughter, and said:

“Do you really mean, you won’t let me inside?”

“This....., it’s like this: our room seven has a rule that newly arrived working students must at once show their spirit’s actual strength. Therefore, I want you and me to exchange pointers for a moment.”

Tang San secretly encouraged himself: exchanging pointers was not bullying people. If he was a little careful, he would not injure her. It

could also be considered continuing the dormitory tradition.

Xiao Wu looked strangely at Tang San,

“You’re certain?”

Tang San nodded, and said:

“I’m certain.”

Xiao Wu set the school uniform she held to one side, on her face showed a bit of excitement,

“Fine, then come.”

Without even waiting for Tang San to respond, her right leg had already bent and risen, the lower leg popping up in a flash, kicking straight for little San’s chin. It would appear not to have much strength, but it was extraordinarily fast, Tang San jumped in fright.

Body dodging to the left, out of the way of the approaching kick, while his right hand grabbed Xiao Wu’s ankle, right leg as usual stepping out, shoulder pushing against Xiao Wu’s chest. A standard Iron Mountain Push. Under normal circumstances, Xiao Wu, supported by only one foot like this and pushed by Tang San, must inevitably go tumbling out.

Of course, Tang San very much had proper limits. In his heart he already thought it through, he only needed Xiao Wu to lose balance, and with his speed there would definitely still be time to pull her to a stop. At the same time he also did not use much force in that push. He only wanted to consider it a competition and undergoing a test.

The other students all watched with their full attention at Tang San and Xiao Wu striking. Wang Sheng stared at Tang San’s movements, his eyes shining again and again, trying hard to memorize it. He discovered that Tang San’s movements, although very succinct, were extraordinarily effective.

But, matters certainly did not progress as Tang San had originally thought.

Tang San’s right hand had only just caught hold of Xiao Wu’s ankle,

when he suddenly felt it slip from his hand, unexpectedly losing control of a certain result. Immediately afterward, Xiao Wu took advantage of her free leg and kicked horizontally, already coming into contact with his shoulder. Facing Tang San's incoming right shoulder strike, she lightly blocked with both hands. With her right leg bracing on Tang San's shoulder, the other leg also lifted, effortlessly climbing up on Tang San's other shoulder.

Part 2

The current situation would appear extremely strange. Xiao Wu's two legs actually wound about Tang San's neck, resting on top of Tang San's shoulders, upper body bent back with both palms supporting on the ground. Both soft legs were like springs, actually wringing Tang San's neck and making him tumble backwards.

Fortunately Xiao Wu was young, and right now wearing pants. If replaced by a skirt, then probably.....

Tang San didn't have experience from fighting girls. Just now when Xiao Wu's first leg wound about his neck, he could of course respond somewhat, but because of lifting the leg, the bottom of Xiao Wu's trouser leg naturally rolled up somewhat, and the lower leg sticking close to his neck was already bare. The delicate skin of the girl's calf like satin, suddenly caused Tang San's feelings to fluctuate a moment, and his reaction was half a beat slow.

Just as both of Xiao Wu's hands pushed off the floor, both legs at the same time exerted strength, and Tang San remembered the burden on his shoulders too late. After all, a person's neck was weak, and he was again still only a child. Even bearing the strain for a short while with skill, the neck was very easily injured. He could only let Xiao Wu bring his body to a fall.

Tang San discovered that Xiao Wu's technique of both legs using force with hands pushing the ground, gave free rein to her whole effective strength. Unexpectedly, it was somewhat similar to the lower leg emitting strength method hammering style his father taught.

Falling face up on the ground, since Xiao Wu's physical strength certainly was not great and Tang San also had Mysterious Heaven skill to protect his body, he naturally could not be injured.

Felling Tang San, Xiao Wu already nimbly stood on the ground. Turning around and faintly smiling, she looked at him.

Tang San was clambering to his feet. Just like Wang Sheng, for him a defeat was a defeat; being careless was no excuse. He knew that when Xiao Wu grabbed and threw him she was already lenient. Otherwise, tangling both her legs around his neck would not result in it being only a simple fall.

It was still the first time Tang San had encountered this kind of technique. In his opinion, the martial arts of his original world did not seem to have a similar way. However, this kind of technique was also highly dangerous: if at that time his response had been a little faster, then at that close range, attacking Xiao Wu's body didn't seem difficult at all.

"I've lost. Can you tell me, what skill did you use just now?"

Tang San's face was slightly red. In his heart musing, his time as the room seven boss was probably the shortest.

Xiao Wu said with a winsome smile:

"I call this Soft Skill. Utilizing the body's liveness and stretchability masterfully."

By now, the dormitory students had all along been watching with gaping expressions, particularly Wang Sheng. Tang San who defeated him already gave him a somewhat fantastic feeling, and now Tang San had been subdued in one hit by this beautiful little girl. His eyes were wide since long ago. In his heart he thought, why were this year's new working students all so fierce?

Tang San who originally had no idea regarding the position as dormitory boss, said:

"In accordance with dormitory rules, you defeated me, so hereafter you are the room senior of this dormitory, and also the boss of this

group of people.”

In Xiao Wu’s eyes showed a trace of pleasant surprise, not much surprise, and a flourishing delight,

“Boss? That seems very interesting. Good. Then from here on I’m your boss. Becoming a working student seems a very good thing.”

Xiao Wu selected a bed next to Tang San, picking up her package and school uniform from behind and setting them there.

“Then, who of you will give me an introduction to our academy’s state of affairs?”

Xiao Wu looked at everyone who did not utter a word in reply.

Right now these students were just gradually getting over the shock, when Xiao Wu just now threw Tang San so extremely agilely, made them in their hearts somewhat fearful.

It was still Wang Sheng who stood up.

“Us working students are actually responsible for sweeping clean the academy, our teacher is responsible for arranging specific jobs. The academy altogether has six grades, every grade has a class. You boss and Tang San are newly arrived, and should be first grade students. The rest of us are at least third graders, I have this year become a sixth grader. At the academy every day we attend class in the morning, then cultivate individually in the afternoon. In the morning there are generally two classes, one class is cultural knowledge, one class is spirit lore. Us working students for the most part have work in the afternoon, thereby earning income for meals.”

Wang Sheng gave the other students a simple introduction. Among these working students, the best inborn spirit was Wang Sheng: not only was it a beast spirit, in combat effectiveness it was still the strongest king of beasts. His spirit power was already ninth rank, when it again rose a rank he could at graduation join a group to hunt and kill spirit beasts, thereby obtaining a spirit ring to promote his title.

Listening until Wang Sheng finished speaking, Xiao Wu gave Tang

San a glance, and said:

“Tang San, what is your spirit power rank? Just now I sensed your strength was very powerful.”

Tang San did not conceal it, after all on the surface his spirit was a good-for-nothing blue silver grass,

“I have innate full spirit power. Therefore my power is comparatively strong.”

“Innate full spirit power?”

The students immediately cried out.

Wang Sheng’s heart finally reached balance. Since Tang San’s spirit power was stronger than his, defeating him was also as it should. As everyone did not have the prerequisites for a spirit ring, spirit power had a decisive effect. No wonder his strength could be greater than his. Wang Sheng’s heart was pure confidence, and in his heart thought that since his spirit was a war tiger, after he and Tang San equally had gained a spirit ring and entered the spirit master title, his blue silver grass certainly would not be the equal of his war tiger.

Xiao Wu blinked, muttering some sentence.

At this time, a thirty year old teacher entered from outside,

“The new students have arrived? Stand up a moment.”

Tang San and Xiao Wu simultaneously rose from their beds.

This teacher had an ordinary appearance, pale green hair, hands carrying bedding,

“Where is Tang San?”

Tang San hurriedly stepped forward.

The teacher said:

“I’m Mo Hen, you can call me teacher Mo. Tang San, this bedding is a gift from Grandmaster.”

Tang San took the bedding. Although the quilt facing was gorgeous, a clear and fresh smell came to the nostrils; unexpectedly it was all brand new. In it was still a pillow. Grandmaster apparently already thought to help him.

Part 3

Mo Hen said:

“Tang San, you and Xiao Wu are first year working students, so from now on, you are responsible for sweeping the garden south of the sports ground. Every day you'll get ten copper spirit coins, but remember, you must clean every day. Especially junk must be properly sorted out neatly, otherwise your wages may be deducted. If you seem like delinquents, the academy can expel you. Have you understood clearly?”

Tang San and Xiao Wu nodded simultaneously, expressing understanding.

Mo Hen said:

“Tomorrow is the opening ceremony. The day after tomorrow the regular classes begin. The first year classes are on the first floor of the main school building, so the day after tomorrow you will punctually go to class. Starting from the day after tomorrow, you will start carrying out the regular work. We may do non-scheduled spot checks. Well, take a rest first. Wang Sheng, you're the oldest here, so tell them about the rules.”

Holding the bedding to his chest, Tang San felt a burst of warmth in his heart. His mind couldn't refrain from recalling Grandmaster's somewhat rigid face.

“Bedding? This seems to be a problem.”

Xiao Wu looked blankly at the bedding in Tang San's hands, in her eyes appeared a somewhat embarrassed look.

Working students are all children from poor backgrounds, but more sensible than noble descendants, a few clever students immediately

shouted:

“Boss, for the time being use my mattress, I’ll put half my quilt over the divider.”

Another student said:

“Boss, then use my mattress. I brought a cotton-padded mattress I can manage to use.”

Xiao Wu looked at these working students’ bedding, although it could not be determined as to what extent they were dirty, for the most part they were broken, ragged and worn out. Frowning she said:

“You had better not go calling me boss, for it seems that you’re calling me old.”

Wang Sheng said:

“That’s how we say it, those are the rules.”

Xiao Wu said:

“Since I’m boss, my word should be treated as a rule. Then it is fine like this: hereafter you call me Xiao Wu jie.”

Speaking towards one side, her gaze finally dropped to the bedding in Tang San’s arms.

“Tang San, shall we talk things over a moment?”

Tang San was dazed for a moment, in his heart he understood that Xiao Wu was probably eyeing the bedding in his hands. He had never been a stingy person, but this bedding was Grandmaster’s gift to him; in his heart he was somewhat reluctant to part with it. But Xiao Wu was a girl.

“Talk about what?”

Xiao Wu said:

“I see your bedding is quite large, two people don’t take up much space. This way is good. If we put our beds together then can’t we both use it?”

“Ah?”

Use it together? Tang San looked at Xiao Wu. Mentally he was not a six year old child. Although right now he and Xiao Wu were both still very small, but as for sleeping together.....

“Men and women sleeping together without blood relation, that is not good.”

Xiao Wu gave a snort, saying:

“What isn’t good? I don’t care, are you scared? Are you afraid I’ll rape you, ah?”

“Eh.....”

Everyone said girls were more precocious compared to boys, but this girl before his eyes was only six years old.

Tang San’s choked words did not come out. The other students watched them, enviously, having a good show. Everyone had cheeky smiles on their faces, but nobody spoke.

“‘Eh’ what ‘eh’? Hurry up, pull the bed over. Don’t you have outstanding strength?”

Xiao Wu urged rather impatiently.

Tang San subconsciously pushed his bed next to Xiao Wu’s. Xiao Wu took the bedding from his arms, first spreading the mattress on the beds. This bedding was for an adult person, and indeed very large. Although it was unable to fully spread across two beds, it could still cover more than seventy percent.

Xiao Wu spread her cloth bundle on the seam where the two beds were put together.

“You also put your cloth bundle here. Hereafter, this is the boundary. If you overstep the boundary, don’t find it strange if I’m blunt, oh.”

Looking at Xiao Wu arranging the border, Tang San was instead relieved. He hurriedly nodded, and put down his bundle. Xiao Wu covered the beds with the quilt, both beds simply taking one shape.

Of course, there was a line of demarcation.

Wang Sheng said:

“We should eat lunch. Xiao Wu jie, Tang San, let’s leave.”

Hearing about food, Xiao Wu immediately leapt up, and excitedly said:

“Great. What’s good to eat?”

Wang Sheng and the other working students looked at each other in dismay, and said with a forced smile:

“What good can we working students get to eat? At the dining hall you can just buy any cheap meal gathered there.”

Tang San shook his head, saying:

“You leave, I won’t go.”

His home was rattling with poverty while Tang Hao’s money was all exchanged for alcohol, so in order not to starve he had specially brought rations: his homemade coarse flat cakes. To simply fill his stomach was no problem. The day after tomorrow he started working for wages.

Looking at the patches on Tang San’s body, Wang Sheng faintly understood his meaning, and would not force him.

“Xiao Wu jie, then let’s go.”

The rising excitement on Xiao Wu’s face abruptly solidified at once.

“Must you spend money to eat? Just how much spirit money is that?”

If not because of her not inconsiderable strength, perhaps Wang Sheng would curse. Wasn’t it needless to say that eating food cost money? Who could be given free lunch? Only, he naturally saw that this newly appointed boss was probably the same as Tang San, also embarrassingly short of money.

Wang Sheng heroically said:

“No matter. Like this, for these two days consider your food expenses on me. Tang San, hereafter everyone together are dormitory companions, so let’s go. In the worst case until you have money just ask me again.”

For a moment Tang San hesitated a little, but still agreed. All along he did not have a concept of money. Wang Sheng was very happy with his appetite, Xiao Wu even more was immediately all smiles, looking meaningfully at Wang Sheng. However recalling her Soft Skill, Wang Sheng kept his distance from her. Earlier, when she threw Tang San, her face also gave off a smiling expression. Who knew when she would get excited, and effortlessly come at him all of a sudden.

Including Tang San and Xiao Wu, a party of eleven people left room seven, heading to the dining hall under Wang Sheng’s lead. The dining hall was in the school building, having to cross the whole sports ground to get there.

Right now, the sports ground was already bustling; one could see quite a few academy uniform wearing students going in the direction of the school building. Clearly, all of them were going to eat.

Nuoding primary spirit master academy’s dining hall was very large, large enough to hold six grades in addition to teachers, altogether more than three hundred diners. Right now, there was already a crowd lined up by the dining hall serving window. The dining hall was altogether divided into two floors, and the first floor hall alone had three hundred seats.

Part 4

“Isn’t this that Wang Sheng’s group of apparitions of poverty?”

Just as they entered the dining hall, a discordant voice reached them.

Tang San looked questioningly in the direction the voice came from, only seeing a group of senior students standing on the staircase between the first and second floor, looking down at them from their

higher position.

The speaker was a handsome and spirited, probably eleven or twelve years old male student, his eyes revealing a concentrated disdain, wagging a finger in the direction of Wang Sheng.

“Poverty apparitions are just poverty apparitions, probably always unable to eat on the second floor.”

On the way to the dining hall, Wang Sheng already told Xiao Wu how the room seven boss and working students must act in public, and Xiao Wu readily agreed. Right now meeting someone provoking her, immediately her temper rose up.

“What creatures are you? How is the second floor so terrific?”

A working student by Xiao Wu’s side advised her in a low voice:

“The second floor is a place where you can independently order dishes. Very expensive, we really can’t go up to eat.”

Xiao Wu’s stature was about the same as Tang San, and earlier, Wang Sheng sheltered them behind him. When he now walked away, those students on the staircase naturally caught sight of her appearance, and the speaking student’s eyes immediately brightened.

“A beautiful little loli, ah, it’s a pity she’s a working student. Wang Sheng, I your father will go eat now, so I’ll let you off this time.”

Speaking, he was followed by a crowd of people up the stairs to the second floor.

Xiao Wu lifted her foot, about to chase them up, but was grabbed and held back by Tang San.

“Forget about it, we’ve come to eat.”

Xiao Wu looked at Tang San with some scorn.

“Are you so timid?”

Tang San, without explanation, left and went over to the end of the line for buying food.

Tang sect regulations: All Tang sect disciples, must not be easily provoked into bringing trouble on themselves, but if offenders take the initiative, promise to return with thunder.

From an adult person's point of view, this academy's students, regardless of temperament, were all just a group of children, nothing more. To him, an adult mentally, a rivalry with a little more than ten year old child, could not hold much interest to Tang San.

However, Xiao Wu's display of temperament caused Wang Sheng to admire her even more.

Just then, Tang San saw a familiar person, and hurriedly walked up, "Teacher, you have also come to eat?"

It was exactly Grandmaster who arrived. Nodding in his direction, he said:

"Are the things you got about right?"

Tang San respectfully nodded and said:

"Thank you Teacher for the bedding."

Grandmaster clapped his shoulder, saying:

"Come with me to the second floor to eat. Afterward, I'll bring you to show what is recognized as my place here."

Tang San shook his head, saying:

"No. Teacher, I will eat with my dormitory roommates."

All along, he did not want to act like an unconventional person.

Grandmaster did not persist. He nodded and said:

"Ok, you do what you feel is appropriate. Go. When you have finished eating wait for me at the dining hall gate."

Saying so, he went up to the second floor.

Though he did not know why, Tang San felt that Grandmaster and his father were a little similar. Although his father spoke very little, and

Grandmaster spoke comparatively more, their dispositions gave off a kind of particular feeling. Especially Grandmaster expressed this aspect even more distinctly. Even when he smiled, he still had a solemn feeling.

Wang Sheng came up beside Tang San.

“You know Grandmaster?”

Tang San nodded, saying:

“He’s my Teacher.”

Wang Sheng said with a strange air:

“Can’t be. You recognized Grandmaster as master? His actual strength is not up to much. At our academy, Grandmaster is only a visiting official type of personage. They say it’s because of good connections with the chairman that he can stay at the academy. Saying it not so nicely, just a freeloader. I heard, Grandmaster will soon be fifty years old but has still not broken through the spirit grandmaster boundary, and his spirit only has twenty nine ranks. Probably in all his life he still will not be able to break through.”

Tang San lifted his head, looking seriously at Wang Sheng.

“If you do not want to exchange pointers with me once again, I request that you will not make such presumptuous evaluations of my Teacher. This is the first time, I expect it is also the last time. Thank you for your kindness, but I think you still need not treat me.”

Finished speaking, he turned around and left for the outside of the dining hall.

Wang Sheng had not thought that Tang San’s reaction could have been this big, he stood there momentarily dazed. To one side Xiao Wu and the other students also did not understand why he was like this.

‘A teacher for a day is a father for a lifetime’. From Tang San’s point of view, these words were absolutely not just lip service. Since recognizing Grandmaster as master, his regard of Grandmaster had

evolved to heartfelt esteem. If just now it hadn't been Wang Shang speaking of his incorrect impression of Grandmaster living off others, but rather another person, perhaps he immediately would have struck.

Wang Sheng somewhat annoyed said:

"Can't make heads or tails of it. This kid has some defect."

Xiao Wu looked at Tang San's departing back. Even though the clothing he wore was full of patches, unconsciously, the thin and small figure felt seemingly much larger.

To be near water after eating the rations, Tang San very quickly returned to the dining hall. This time he did not enter, standing by the dining hall gate quietly waiting. Of the passing students quite a few threw him a curious look, but as if he had not seen them, he let his eyelids droop, without even looking at them.

After waiting as much as an hour, Grandmaster finally came out of the dining hall, and with him came a similarly middle aged person.

The middle aged person was dressed in a chang pao, his features eminently intelligent, chin slightly protruding, on his face a mild smile.

"Let's go, little San."

Grandmaster called in the direction of where Tang San stood by the dining hall gate.

The middle aged person at Grandmaster's side said smiling:

"This is your newly accepted disciple?"

Grandmaster nodded.

The middle aged person clapped Grandmaster's shoulder,

"Well then, I wish you success. I will leave first."

Having said so, he gave Tang San a glance, and went in another direction.

Grandmaster's residence was a room on the corner of the dormitory

building's top floor. The room wasn't large, only thirty square meters or so. The things inside were also very simple, only two bookshelves to one wall covered with books attracted Tang San's gaze.

Part 5

Grandmaster took a bundle of paper from his arms and passed it to Tang San.

"First eat, right. Even if I've carried it for a long time, the food is still good."

Tang San was dumbfounded for a moment, then unfolded the paper bundle. Inside he saw two chicken legs and a steamed bun, still lukewarm.

"Teacher....."

"Go on, eat it quickly. When you've finished I still have things to speak to you about. The time of youth cannot be wasted."

Grandmaster's expression was calm and serious, his voice cool.

It was not easy to eat one's fill on the coarse flat cake alone, and Tang San's appetite also was not bad. Very quickly he grabbed the food Grandmaster gave him and wolfed it all down.

Grandmaster poured him a cup of water, then sat down behind the desk.

"This year you are six years old, with innate full spirit power, and twin spirits. Release your other spirit, and let me have a look."

Tang San nodded. Grandmaster already knew he had twin spirits, so he had no reason to hide it. Lifting his left hand, black light surged out, once again coalescing into that not large hammer.

Because between last time and coming to school he had been training, his physical strength had had significant progress. Right now he could hold the hammer with an effort and not feel overwhelming strain.

Seeing the hammer in Tang San's hand, Grandmaster suddenly shot up from his seat to his feet, his eyes exuding an extremely agitated light. Unwaveringly staring at the hammer, murmuring:

"Tang San, Tang San, surname Tang... ok, you can put away the spirit. You must not lightly reveal it in front of other people. Without my permission, hereafter you definitely must not give that spirit additional spirit rings. This part you have to remember well."

Tang San rather surprised looked at Grandmaster,

"Dad also told me this. Why can't I add spirit rings to this spirit?"

The agitated light in Grandmaster's eyes gradually dulled,

"What does your father do?"

Tang San said:

"He's a village blacksmith."

"Blacksmith?"

Grandmaster's gaze was rather strange, heaving a sigh he shook his head,

"Blacksmith, hammer, unexpectedly it's a perfect match."

"Now is not yet the time to tell you, you just need to remember: right now you are not to use this spirit and add spirit rings, only for the sake of your future plan. You must properly keep this firmly in mind."

Since father said so, and Grandmaster also said so, this made Tang San's confidence in Grandmaster increase.

"I understand."

Grandmaster said:

"Tomorrow is the opening ceremony, the day after tomorrow the regular classes will start. However, from your point of view, this is only a delay, nothing more. Right now the most pressing matter, is to make your spirit able to continue cultivation. In the morning you act only after I've carefully thought about it. Early tomorrow morning you

will follow me from the academy and I will bring you to go look for a suitable spirit ring, to let you advance up to spirit master title.”

Tang San rejoiced due to what Grandmaster said. Only after having obtained a spirit ring could he confirm whether it was because of lacking a spirit ring that his Mysterious Heaven Skill was restrained. Grandmaster’s method was what he wanted, and hurriedly he very happily agreed.

Grandmaster continued speaking:

“For the academy side I can help you explain, you need not worry. On the way back I can instruct you in spirit lore. Tang San, what is your view regarding your blue silver grass spirit?”

Tang San said:

“Everyone says it’s a useless spirit, however, I feel that everything has some purpose. Even the most ordinary blue silver grass should also be that way.”

Grandmaster, pleased, nodded and said:

“Not bad. Every spirit has its characteristics. In my research, inferior spirits constitute a very large portion. I’ve always maintained that there are no trash spirits, only trash people. Tomorrow I’ll bring you to look for a spirit ring, so right now you must decide the direction of your spirit’s growth on your own.”

Tang San was somewhat dumbfounded.

“Direction of a spirit’s growth? Teacher, what does this mean?”

Grandmaster said:

“For this we must speak about spirit classification itself. To broadly distinguish them, spirits only have two large categories: beast spirits and tool spirits. Plant type spirits are also included within tool spirits, so both your spirits are counted as tool spirits. The biggest difference between tool spirits and beast spirits is in their manifestation.”

“When beast spirits are employed, the beast’s power is added to

your own, and will also add its effect to the body. Relying on the human body with beast spirit integration to enhance its strength, achieving human-spirit unity to launch an attack is the goal. But tool spirits are completely different - the tool spirits possess effects that can be used independent of the body. Consequently, assisting nature of tool spirits is greater than beast spirits. Raising a simple example, if your spirit was our most common food the oldest sword rice, like that, your spirit could be treated as food. Furthermore because it is given form by spirit power, the effect can be much better when compared to ordinary rice.”

Tang San said, amazed:

“Can spirits also be eaten?”

Grandmaster gave a confirming nod and said:

“Food category spirits can all be eaten. Therefore, talented higher ranked food system spirit masters are always eagerly desired by the army. A single food system spirit master over rank thirty can supply enough food to feed a hundred soldiers, greatly reducing the depletion of resources by the army.”

Tang San dully said:

“I still don’t understand.”

Grandmaster patiently said:

“The principle is actually very simple. Food, for any living organisms, is all treated as replenishing energy. And spirit power is also a kind of energy. Just as spirit power can change to be able to be absorbed by humans as energy, like that, it is from our point of view certainly no different from genuine food. The same as the energy the human body requires.”

Tang San listened and only faintly understood a bit, but he understood the general idea.

“So to say, tool spirits are for the most part used to give assistance, right.”

Grandmaster said:

“Nothing is definite, some tool spirits can become battle spirits. For instance, if your tool spirit was a sword, it could be regarded as a weapon. Like that, you could also become a battle spirit master, like what is spoken of in the outside world as magic weapons, is actually just tool spirit battle spirit masters with their spirit cultivated to the pinnacle. Although tool spirit masters and battle spirit masters are different, there are some connections between them. Every spirit master has a growth direction: food system, detection system, battle system, healing system, controlling system and so on and so forth. Right now, before obtaining a spirit ring, you must first quickly decide on your spirit’s future growth direction. A spirit master’s spirit cultivation, must have a direction in which to develop.”

007 – Xiao Wu, You Still Want To?

Part 1

“So to speak, when obtaining spirit rings in the future, as far as possible obtain spirit rings with similar abilities. Not necessarily completely the same, but a similar general direction, in order to avoid spirit rings conflicting with each other and instead restricting its power situation.”

Speaking of this, on Grandmaster's face appeared a trace of a grim smile. “Very many people all think blue silver grass is a useless spirit, but as a result of my many years of research, I believe blue silver grass similarly has its own purpose. If blue silver grass was not too small and weak at the time of awakening spirit power, even becoming a battle spirit is definitely is not impossible.”

Tang San nodded, saying:

“Teacher, you are the spirit research Grandmaster, since you have researched blue silver grass in this way, then please give me some pointers.”

Grandmaster also did not stand on ceremony. After all, in his eyes Tang San was only a child, consulting his opinion was also only symbolic.

When speaking of spirits, Grandmaster's mood clearly became excited. Slowly nodding, he said:

“On the basis of my analysis of the concept and the blue silver grass research, I suggest that you cultivate your spirit in the control system direction in the future. Control system masters can be said to be battle spirit masters, they can also be said to be tool spirit masters. They themselves freely waver between the two categories.”

“Control system?”

Tang San asked:

“Teacher, what are the control system capabilities?”

Grandmaster said:

“What we call control system refers to relying on one’s own spirit to restrict the opponent, with the goal of assisting an attack. For example, take your blue silver grass. Although blue silver grass is inherently small and weak, it is not without advantages.”

“Blue silver grass also has advantages?”

After awakening his blue silver grass, Tang San had also especially observed the natural form of this kind of grass, discovering nothing as a result. It just had a comparatively vigorous life-force, it was ubiquitous, and that’s all.

Grandmaster raised his right hand, extending one finger, and said:

“First of all, the spirit power consumption of using blue silver grass is considerably small, compared to food system spirits the consumption will still be smaller. This means you can depend on its great quantity of spirit power to use it.”

Tang San nodded. Grandmaster’s words were not wrong. When using blue silver grass the spirit power consumption could practically be neglected. If pouring spirit power into the spirit, then blue silver grass growing beyond ten metres could let him slightly feel some spirit power drain.

Grandmaster also extended a second finger,

“Next, blue silver grass is most common, therefore, its confusing nature will be much greater when compared to other spirits, especially those low intelligence common spirit beasts are like that. Even if you call out your spirit next to them, they may not be able to notice.”

Extending a third finger,

“Third, blue silver grass can grow in boundless ways. Because it’s in itself low-end, it can conduct growth in many directions, and since blue silver grass is in itself small and weak, it cannot reject any spirit

ring attribute evolution.”

“Spirits can still reject spirit ring evolution?”

Tang San asked, astonished.

Grandmaster said:

“Of course. If the spirit itself conflicts with the spirit ring attribute, when looking to add spirit rings to the spirit, it can cause a rejection phenomenon. For example, for spirit beasts it is very difficult to add spirit rings that possess poison. Although the spirit can have a body, so to speak. While it is also a living body, it is another kind of manifestation of the host’s life. If a poison spirit ring is forced on it, they probably will be poisoned first. Among beast spirits few have the ability to assimilate poison and not transfer it to the host. But blue silver grass is different, it is in itself a plant, and small and weak. Things like absorbing poison is not the least bit difficult.”

Speaking, he again raised a fourth finger,

“In your body, there still is a fourth advantage, precisely that innate full spirit power. On our Douluo Continent the reason why not one formidable blue silver grass spirit master has appeared, the chief cause is just that after awakening blue silver grass spirit the spirit power attached to the host is truly too small. And innate spirit power has a direct ratio to acquired spirit power cultivation speed. When innate spirit power is too small and weak, it’s very difficult to cultivate to even higher levels, and at the later stage of cultivation, hunting and killing a spirit beast is also an even more difficult task. But you are different, you have innate full spirit power. Regardless of whether this spirit power was granted by blue silver grass or your other hammer spirit, neither influences your bringing it to use on blue silver grass. Therefore, from your point of view there are absolutely no disadvantages to cultivating blue silver grass.”

Tang San in his heart was secretly full of praise. Truly deserving of calling himself Grandmaster; opting to recognize him as master had not been a mistake at all. A common blue silver grass like his could reveal so many advantages through his analysis. This showed the thoroughness of his spirit research. Those teachers speaking about

this profound spirit researcher as only a theory circulating eccentric, was simply comical.

Grandmaster's mood was clearly somewhat agitated, continuing speaking:

"After my careful research, growing blue silver grass spirit in the control system direction is most advantageous. Grass is lithe, and it can at will grow into various kinds of forms. At its simplest it can be used as rope, tangling the opponent."

Tang San said:

"But blue silver grass is so fragile, it will split in a struggle. How can it pin the opponent?"

Grandmaster said:

"This is exactly what growth direction is. With respect to growth in the control system direction, your spirit ring can be chosen to focus in two aspects, first is toughness. The other is poison. Following spirit power promotion, the spirit will also become stronger and stronger. When you have poured even more spirit power into blue silver grass, it will be much tougher compared to natural blue silver grass. After you have obtained the effect of a spirit ring again, pinning your opponent will not be difficult. And speaking of if blue silver grass obtains a poison effect, it will naturally also be able to evolve attack uses."

This time Tang San at last thoroughly understood, restricting the opponent, supplementing poison. If blue silver grass truly could achieve this, then, after his hidden weapons did not hit a moving target, he could just stop the target.

Of course, to possess all this he must first clearly establish understanding of spirit power, spirit ring and his Mysterious Heaven skill interrelationship. After all, what is called his innate full spirit power could be produced by his Mysterious Heaven skill cultivation. And not come from his spirit awakening.

Part 2

Actually, Tang San was not aware that of the two spirits he had, that hammer should give him spirit power. It was only because among the two spirits blue silver grass produced some negative variation. In addition to that, cultivating Mysterious Heaven skill with its spirit power had a merging process. Therefore, at the time of the spirit awakening ceremony it seemed like spirit power did not appear.

Even if it had, it still could not manifest appearance, because he had already reached the level of innate full spirit power, so without first adding a spirit ring, his spirit power already could not continue rising.

Grandmaster drank a mouthful of water,

“For the moment decide like this, you go back first. Early tomorrow morning I will come look for you at the dormitory.”

“Ok.”

Departing Grandmaster's room, Tang San could not be calm for a long time. Grandmaster's explanation about spirits made him understand more clearly than before. This afternoon, by way of Grandmaster's explanation, he also had a proper understanding regarding this spirit master vocation at last.

Spirit masters were divided into the two main categories battle spirit masters and tool spirit masters, and under these two main categories, they were also divided into smaller categories of food system, control system, battle system, healing system and so on. A spirit master's actual strength was closely related with spirit rings and spirit power. They themselves supplemented and complemented each other in the growth process.

Tang San at present understood this completely. He knew that if he wanted to get even more spirit master lore, he must follow Grandmaster to continue to study. And Grandmaster deciding to quickly bring him to go obtain a spirit ring made Tang San most happy. Waiting until after having his first spirit ring, regardless of how he said he felt, he could confirm what connection there was between his Mysterious Heaven skill and this world's spirits.

Returning to the dormitory, the other people were not there, and he did not know where on earth they could have gone. Tang San had two midday meals, so although the colour of the sky was gradually growing late, he was not even a bit hungry.

Lying on the bed closing his eyes to rest, he carefully recalled the things Grandmaster had said today, letting his impression deepen even more.

As the day hurried to its end he was also somewhat tired, unconsciously, he already passed into sleep.

“Hi.”

Not knowing how long, a voice out of nowhere brought Tang San out of his light sleep. Although right now he hadn't rested much, his alert nature still was not small. Subconsciously opening his eyes, looking straight at her lovable pretty face.

Xiao Wu looked at Tang San,

“It still isn't late enough to sleep, will you still be able to sleep at night?”

Tang San hurriedly somewhat awkwardly clambered up. Right now, Xiao Wu bent over the boundary in the middle of their two beds, looking at him with a charming smile.

Tang San discovered that all the working students had already returned. Sitting up on the bed, pointing to the dividing boundary, he said:

“You're crossing the border.”

Xiao Wu happily laughed, and said:

“What crossing the border? I'm a girl. You should invite me, isn't that right? Of course, you absolutely cannot cross the boundary.”

Looking at her flushed little face, Tang San truly wanted to pinch it, but in the end he didn't have the heart to.

“You wanton. Xiao Wu, tomorrow I probably have to go out for a

while, I also do not know just how late I can return. I'm telling you in advance."

"Go out? Go where?"

Xiao Wu asked, full of curiosity.

Tang San did not hold back,

"Teacher said my spirit power is already full, and should as soon as possible obtain the first spirit ring, so in order to continue cultivation, he intends to bring me to look for an appropriate one."

Xiao Wu was considered room seven's room senior, and he did not know how many days he must be gone, so making it clear to her was naturally necessary. Of course, this was also related to today's clash with Wang Sheng at lunch. Right now he still did not have the mood to understand Wang Sheng.

Listening to Tang San speaking of going to obtain a spirit ring, other than Xiao Wu the other students' faces suddenly all revealed envious expressions. Regarding the spirit master topic, there was no matter as significant in comparison. Tenth rank spirit scholars only differed one rank from eleventh rank spirit masters, but regarding positions of strength they were both worlds apart. And when going up to this kind of seniority was also distinct.

Xiao Wu frowned and said:

"Still not having started attending school you are about to leave. Is a spirit ring really so important?"

Before Tang San had started to speak, Xiao Wu discovered the atmosphere around them was peculiar; the other working students were all looking at her with a monstrous expression in their eyes, was spirit ring important? Having to ask. Regarding the spirit master topic, there was practically no matter more important than spirit ring.

"Get going then. However, what's to be done about our working student work? If you leave, I'm the only person doing that work."

Xiao Wu angrily looked at Tang San.

Tang San had no alternative but to say:

“Can’t have that, so these days I will trouble you to work hard for a bit, and when I return later, count the remainder of this term’s work as mine. Half the wages are yours as usual, how’s that?”

With his physical strength, sweeping the flower garden simply did not count for anything, and Xiao Wu’s Soft Skill astonished him greatly, so afterwards he still wanted to find an opportunity to continue exchanging pointers. He also was not a person fond of profiting at other people’s expense.

Xiao Wu then showed a trace of a smile,

“Fine, then it’s settled like this.”

Tang San’s dinner as before was coarse flat cake. Just after the sky had darkened, all the working students already sat on their beds starting spirit power cultivation.

Different from ordinary students, working student’s cultivation was much more painstaking, even though their aptitude was probably the same, cultivating spirits could be said to be their only future way out.

By observing Tang San discovered, that these working students’ posture for cultivating spirits was about the same as his, on the body faint pale spirit power waves appeared, only he did not know how they truly carried out cultivation.

Only Xiao Wu was a person refusing to stay idle, she also was not cultivating. When Tang San just finished eating his rations, she pulled on him insisting to go out for a stroll.

If it was before, Tang San certainly also would have cultivated Mysterious Heaven skill. But right now he had long since reached the bottleneck, and Purple Demon Eye also could only be practiced in early morning. Unable to bear Xiao Wu’s repeated urging, he had no choice but to follow her out from the dormitory.

At this time of the season the weather was the most comfortable, the air was pleasantly cool but not chilly. By now, the sky had already darkened, stars hung above in the sky. Cool and bright.

Part 3

“Little San, look, heaven has so many stars.”

Xiao Wu was jumping for joy bouncing and vivacious, she was not in any way short on the liveliness of children this age.

She called Tang San by little San, and not little Third, in addition to that she also was a girl, so Tang San could not protest. He could not help but say:

“You pulled me out for the sake of looking at stars?”

By now, outside the dormitory building already very few students and teachers could be seen. Not until later Tang San knew, dusk cultivation was a spirit master tradition.

Xiao Wu smiling said:

“No, of course not. I want to spar with you again. During the day I anticipated the opening move, and with an effort managed a surprise attack. Defeating you was a one-sided fight. Seeing your appearance was also somewhat unconvinced, I’ll again give you a good opportunity.”

A girl as warlike as Xiao Wu definitely could not often be seen, but this was to Tang San’s liking. Immediately rousing his spirit,

“Good, then come on.”

Xiao Wu smiling used a finger to scratch her face,

“If in a moment I have you on your stomach don’t be sniveling, oh? Are you ready or not?”

Seeing her lovable appearance, Tang San couldn’t help but pause a moment, but still very quickly recovered his balance,

“Come on.”

“Good, I’m coming.”

While speaking, Xiao Wu’s face revealed a slightly wicked smile, and walked in the direction of Tang San. Indeed coming, but certainly not

attacking.

Tang San frowning said:

“What on earth are you doing? Weren’t we exchanging pointers?”

By now, Xiao Wu had already walked up to him so the distance was less than one metre. Even though they both still were children, and their arms and legs not long, Xiao Wu still walked as before, having already lost leg attack distance.

From the perspective of spirits, Tang San knew, since Xiao Wu’s spirit was a rabbit, and the rabbit’s strongest place was the leg, her legs should also be the fiercest, this bit he could see from when they fought during the day. By now, she had lost the position to employ the legs, what could she actually be thinking?

Xiao WU nodded, smiling said:

“Right! Have I not come to exchange pointers with you?”

Just as Tang San in his heart felt uncertain, Xiao Wu abruptly flung back her head, the scorpion braid on the back of her head becoming a black shadow winding in the direction of Tang San’s neck.

Was this way also alright? A method using hair to attack was the first time Tang San had seen anything like it. But he was all along on alert for Xiao Wu’s attack, and watching her scorpion braid whip at him, he immediately retreated a step, simultaneously lifting the left hand, twisting towards Xiao Wu’s hair. Shortly the braid would be caught, then Xiao Wu could not again have combat effectiveness.

Xiao Wu’s hands came together to lift her braid, so when Tang San raised his hand, suddenly realizing Xiao Wu’s hands already had lifted up, just as his hand still did not meet Xiao Wu’s long hair, Xiao Wu abruptly raised her head, scorpion braid already crossing Tang San’s palm, and her own hand closely going up.

Xiao Wu’s hand lithe and brilliant, soft, meeting it was like being hit with a bundle of cotton, but Tang San right now was not in the mood to be affected by beauty, because he gaping with astonishment discovered that Xiao Wu’s arm unexpectedly twisted bizarrely a

moment, not only twining his palm, but even in a flash extended, twining around his arm. At this same time, her other hand lifted, and that up overhead scorpion braid fell from overhead, as if it was her third hand, winding in the direction of Tang San's neck.

Xiao Wu's arm seemed fair and soft, but was extremely tough. With Tang San's strength, he was unable to struggle free from her twining. Underfoot forcing a leap back, but Xiao Wu's body was like four weights of cotton following together with his leap. While Ghost Shadow Perplexing Track was exquisite, like this it had already lost effect.

In order to avoid Xiao Wu's scorpion braid, Tang San abruptly raised his head, bending backwards at the waist, using the Iron Panel Bridge form to dodge. Simultaneously, unable to still hold back Mysterious Heaven skill, moving both arms, since he was afraid to injure Xiao Wu he only used half the effect.

Who could know, that when Tang San used force, Xiao Wu's both hands abruptly let go. Immediately following, Tang San felt a great force coming from his waist, and suddenly unable to again judge control, immediately fell backwards.

With a thump, Tang San fell to the ground facing up, two small hands supported by the gravitational force caused by his fall pressed on Tang San's two shoulder joints, causing both his arms a burst of tingling, unable to exert strength. And by then, Xiao Wu's body completely sat straddling his waist, triumphantly looking at him. Tang San's lower abdomen in comprehensive contact with and feeling the elasticity of Xiao Wu's little butt.

"How about it? Convinced or not?"

Xiao Wu lowered her head to look at Tang San, face ecstatic.

If speaking of the first time when Xiao Wu threw Tang San it was certainly not the best feeling, this time was depressing. From the point of view of physical strength, Xiao Wu seemed compared to him must be weaker. But this fighting method of hers was too strange. Tang San's own fighting experience also was not considered abundant, then suddenly came into contact with this method.

“Not convinced, come again.”

Tang San looked at Xiao Wu, in his heart refusing to give in.

Xiao Wu triumphantly said:

“You still want to? But I won’t give you the opportunity. Having skill, you first struggle free again.”

How to struggle free of shoulder joint control? Mysterious Heaven skill’s operation route was obstructed.

“What on earth are you up to? Still not quickly getting up. In public, to go so far.....”

At this time, a discordant voice reached them.

Xiao Wu and Tang San simultaneously looked up, only to see a female teacher walk in their direction in a rage.

Indeed, right now Tang San and Xiao Wu’s posture was truly somewhat unbecoming. Tang San lying flat on the ground, both arms spread on two sides, Xiao Wu straddling his waist, both hands pressing down on his shoulders and head bent to look at him. Even though the two were only children, but this action, truly was somewhat.....

Xiao Wu’s little face turned red, jumping up to her feet from on top of Tang San. Tang San also took advantage of being free and climbed to his feet.

The female teacher had already come over, angrily said:

“You two, what do you have to say?”

Tang San felt he as the boy should explain, but before he had opened his mouth, Xiao Wu already rushed to explain:

“Teacher, we are exchanging pointers.”

Part 4

“Exchanging pointers? Lying on the ground exchanging pointers? Taking what appearance? How have your families taught you? It looks as if you ought to be this year’s first year students, right. Such young scholars flirting, what about when grown up?”

The teachers reprimand was like the sound of popping beans in the two people’s ears. Tang San stealthily glanced at Xiao Wu, Xiao Wu was also looking at him, and stuck out her tongue in his direction.

Hearing the teacher speaking about parents, Tang San could not help but say:

“Teacher, we truly were exchanging pointers on spirit abilities.”

The term spirit abilities he had during the day heard Wang Sheng say, at this point could also be considered learning and using.

The female teacher looked at him with a somewhat disdainful eye, and said:

“You have just entered the academy, what spirit abilities could you have. Making up lies is also not a reasonable approach. Move, follow me to the dean’s office.”

“No.”

Tang San and Xiao Wu answered practically in unison.

Tang San earnestly said:

“Teacher, we really were exchanging pointers on spirit abilities. How about, we let you see us exchanging pointers.”

Xiao Wu clapped her chest, saying:

“I’ll come. Teacher, you don’t say anything, I’ll also exchange pointers with you for a moment, ok.”

Without waiting for the female teacher to react by coming over, Xiao Wu leapt up, worthy of a rabbit spirit, this leap of hers was truly high, no less that one metre off the ground, both hands directly held in the direction of the teacher’s neck.

Xiao Wu leaping this high also startled that female teacher,

subconsciously she raised both hands to ward off Xiao Wu's arms.

Tang San in his heart was snickering, this teacher might get the worst of it.

Tang San still did not know Xiao Wu's real strength, but he was very clear about his own strength. Even though his Mysterious Heaven skill could not advance, but relying on his own physical strength in addition to the first tier pinnacle Mysterious Heaven skill, he still could not look down on this world's spirit additional capability circumstances. And comparing efficacy he was even a bit higher than this opponent, who also definitely was not a match for his Tang sect martial arts.

And Xiao Wu was a person who could a moment ago defeat him, her spirit ability was so singularly strange, that regardless of who faced it for the first time, probably all would be at a disadvantage.

As expected, the female teacher's both hands were tangled up by Xiao Wu's arms practically in the first moment, and immediately afterwards, her scorpion braid also whipped out, just happening to twine about that female teacher's neck.

This after all was a primary spirit master academy, and the teachers' general strength was also only around the level of a spirit grandmaster, for the most part at twenty fifth rank on average. From that point of view, not exceeding a thirtieth rank spirit master, they were practically in the first moment unable to possess their own spirit abilities. These teachers in fighting skills were by far unable to compare to Tang San. And at present this female teacher facing two first year students, naturally was unable to think of using her spirit. This female teacher is herself also a tool spirit master, with priority to assistance. Therefore, when face to face, she was already greatly deficient.

Xiao Wu's scorpion braid wound about the female teacher's neck, both arms entangling both her hands. Both her leaping legs simultaneously stretched forward, just enough to kick down at the female teacher's lower abdomen. Just when these practically at the same time accomplished, her upper body abruptly bent back, pulling back the scorpion braid with both hands strength. Faintly, pale white

light could be seen appearing on Xiao Wu's body.

The teacher cried out in alarm in the middle of losing balance, Xiao Wu's both hands released at the right time, producing an escape flip movement, both legs kicking, and the female teacher's body at once flew back.

Xiao Wu's movements towards the teacher were not as gentle as against Tang San, this time the teacher's body was kicked a full three meters away. Falling heavily to the ground. Even if this female teacher had spirit power body protection, falling was confusing, all along can't find direction.

Xiao Wu walked up next to the female teacher, big eyes blinking, an innocent face,

"Teacher, you alright?"

The female teacher dully applied spirit power, clambering to her feet with difficulty. Looking at Xiao Wu's appearance, her eyes revealing a bewildered expression.

Spirit ability, definitely, it was spirit ability. Otherwise, even if she was not a battle spirit master, how could she be thrown by a young child like this? And also when she tangled both her hands suddenly became extremely tough, that absolutely was a spirit adding effect. What kind of person was this girl anyway?

The female teacher could perhaps not care about Xiao Wu, she also believed that when using her spirit circumstances would be able to subdue this child, but she had no choice but to consider Xiao Wu's background. From one point of view, of Douluo's formidable spirit masters, spirits all are clan inheritance. This young possessing spirit ability, it shows her spirit had great ferocity. The female teacher in her heart couldn't help but be perturbed. She was just a spirit grandmaster, and this child might have the strength of a spirit master ancestral family. As a spirit master from a common family she could not cause offense.

"Y-, you....., later you must not exchange pointers on the sports ground, you must have a teacher nearby to safeguard, do you

understand?”

The female teacher simply explained in a few sentences, and left dejected and depressed. In her heart resolving, to first thing tomorrow look into this girl’s background.

Looking at the female teacher’s gradually distancing figure, Tang San asked in a low voice in Xiao Wu’s direction:

“That move you used just now, it seems quite powerful.”

Xiao Wu rather proudly said:

“I already stayed my hand, otherwise the consequence could have been very serious, oh. That is called Rabbit Kicking Eagle, can be my proudest technique.”

Having spoken to here, she suddenly looked warily in Tang San’s direction,

“Why are you asking so clearly? Thinking about later producing a good countermeasure?”

Tang San couldn’t help but shake his head, saying:

“You are clearly gauging the heart of a gentleman with your own mean measure.”

Xiao Wu angrily said:

“You dare say I am a base person? Then we will continue exchanging pointers, right.”

Tang San looked at Xiao Wu and could not help but be somewhat speechless, this silly girl bullied him as if addicted to bullying. Since it was merely exchanging pointers, how could he be afraid? Hooking his hand in Xiao Wu’s direction,

“Then come on.”

Xiao Wu at his side, turned and counterattacked with her palm coming at him.

Having experienced the second lesson, Tang San could not let her

easily tangle him. He knew that dealing with Xiao Wu's style of close quarters attack method was an uncertain opponent, so opening distance was the best method. Figure dodging, quickly retreating, already dodging several meters away.

Part 5

Xiao Wu snorted,

“Comparing speed, I still won't fear you.”

Body shooting forward, she pounced in Tang San's direction.

Tang San smiled slightly, this time he was at last fully prepared. If he again let Xiao Wu easily throw him, then for these years he truly would have practiced in vain.

In his eyes flashed a trace of faint purple, the trace of using Demon Purple Eye. Under the effect of Purple Demon Eye, Xiao Wu's movements were clear and slow to his eyes. Feet stepping with Perplexing Track, one smooth step already shifted him more than two metres, just enough to avoid Xiao Wu's pounce, even for her hair braid and long legs it would still impossible to reach two metres out.

Xiao Wu was clearly dumbfounded. She herself had expert agility, and Tang San's speed had not seemed faster, but just enough to be able to avoid her opening pounce. And from her point of view, to bring out her most expert Soft Skill she had to first come into contact with the opponent's body. This time Tang San simply did not give her an opportunity like that.

Xiao Wu naturally could not resign, taking a rabbit stance, and again she increasing the speed a bit, pursuing Tang San with bare fangs and brandished claws.

Tang San took a deep breath, Mysterious Heaven skill flowing down, entering both legs, feet using Ghost Shadow Perplexing Track, circling this wide open sports ground with Xiao Wu.

Ghost Shadow Perplexing Track was extremely marvelous.

Seemingly Tang San's movements were certainly not fast, but every step taken secretly contained extreme power. No matter how fast Xiao Wu's speed, or in which direction she pounced, he could always at the most appropriate time take a step in the best direction, not giving Xiao Wu the opportunity to approach him.

This could in fact be Tang sect's true art: Tang sect practitioners were not necessarily contesting with the opponent directly from the front, since they were most skilled in hidden weapons, relying on lightness skill in combination with hidden weapons was the killer weapon of Tang sect disciples.

Two people, one pursuing and one dodging, in a moment they had already moved all over half the sports ground. Xiao Wu already starting to be somewhat out of breath, could no matter how not catch up to Tang San.

"Hey, you are this shameless."

Not catching up, Xiao Wu simply did not pursue, and stood there fuming with anger, both hands on her waist, big eyes glaring at Tang San,

"We are exchanging pointers, not playing catch-up, your constant dodging counts as what, have the skill to attack at me, ah!"

Tang San smiled slightly,

"Good, then you take care."

While speaking, he conveniently gathered from the side of the sports ground several stones into the palm of his hand,

"Striking your left shoulder."

One stone already flew out.

Xiao Wu snorted, her body in a flash dodging to the right.

"Striking your right shoulder, left lower leg, right lower leg."

Three stones simultaneously flew out from Tang San's palm.

The first stone truly was striking towards Xiao Wu's left shoulder, but

right now she was watching three stones as if flying in a single direction, in her heart thinking to herself, this fellow is definitely deceiving me. Not retreating and instead advancing, suddenly accelerating, facing Tang San and pouncing, simultaneously raising both hands before her chest to block. It was only a pebble, nothing more, just knock it down.

But, making Xiao Wu shocked a scene took place, just as she saw she could clap down the stones, those three pebbles suddenly separated, and flying out in three different directions.

At such a close distance, there already was not enough time for an effective reaction.

“Aiyou, aiyou.”

Three stones fell in place, just right to strike Xiao Wu’s right shoulder, left lower leg and right lower leg.

Although Tang San had not infused Mysterious Heaven skill into the pebbles, when struck head-on, Xiao Wu still felt a burst of extreme pain.

“Good, you dare use stones to hit me.”

Xiao Wu certainly did not know, that this was Tang San’s since arriving in this world, the first time genuinely facing an opponent using hidden weapons. What he used was in Mysterious Heaven Profound Record the Hidden Weapons Hundred Separation technique Swallows Parting Flight. Seeming simple, but in it was contained cunning tricks that were extremely exquisite. Among the Hidden Weapons Hundred Separation technique, because of the Mysterious Heaven skill restriction, up until now Tang San was only with an effort able to use two or three kinds, that’s all, this Swallows Parting Flight was the only one among them that was extremely proficient.

“Allowing you to throw me, but not letting me use pebbles? This time it’s your loss.”

“Doesn’t count, doesn’t count, come again.....”

Xiao Wu firmly believed, she need only be prepared, in no way could Tang San hit the mark again.

“Xiao Wu, you still want to! Then come on.....”

Continuing exchanging pointers, and also continuing for a very long time. As for results, when Tang San early on the second day left the Nuoding primary spirit master academy with Grandmaster, on his lips he was still talking about how striking a moving target was fun!

And that same evening, no story took place with two people sharing a bed, after all, they were too tired from exchanging pointers.

Early morning, when the vast majority of Nuoding academy's teachers and student were still in deep sleep, one tall and one short, two people already departed the big academy gate.

“Teacher, where will we go to find spirit beasts?”

These departing from the academy, were exactly Grandmaster and Tang San alone.

“We will go four hundred li northeast of Nuoding city to Spirit Hunting Forest. There is where the empire holds spirit beasts captive. Certainly can find something that suits you.”

Grandmaster today wore tough clothing, seeming like it somewhat increased his heroic spirit, it was only that stiff face that like before gave people a kind of discordant feeling.

“Captive? Spirit beasts can also be held captive?” Teacher, you explain to me about spirit beast lore, right.”

Grandmaster nodded, and said:

“High level spirit beasts naturally cannot be captured, but lower level ones can. Spirit beasts are a kind of animals that possess spirit power. The longer they exist, the more powerful they become. Therefore, from this point of view, based on number of years we divide them into five levels. Ten year spirit beasts, hundred year spirit beasts, thousand year spirit beasts, ten thousand year spirit beasts and hundred thousand year spirit beasts. Its meaning is just as the

name implies, a spirit beast cultivating for over ten years, is a ten year spirit beast, and so on. Spirit rings are distinguished the same as spirit beasts. Different age spirit rings are very easily recognized, it can be seen from color. Of these, ten year spirit beasts' spirit rings are white, hundred years' are yellow, thousand year spirit beasts' spirit rings are purple, ten thousand year spirit beasts' are black, and hundred thousand year spirit beasts' spirit rings are red. Those that are regularly captured by the country, supplying spirit masters with spirit beasts to hunt and kill, for the most part are ten years and hundred years. Few thousand year spirit beasts appear.”

Credits

| | | |
|----------------------|---|---|
| Author | — | (唐家三少) Tang Jia San Shao |
| Illustrator | — | (暮逢春) Mu Feng Chun |
| Publication platform | — | Shumilou.co |
| Publisher | — | <u>(长江出版社) Changjiang Press</u> |
| Translator | — | <u>Blue Silver Translation</u> |
| Book designer | — | <u>Armaell</u> |